LOVES EMPIRE;

Or, The

AMOURS

Of the

FRENCH COURT.

R. H.

LONDON,

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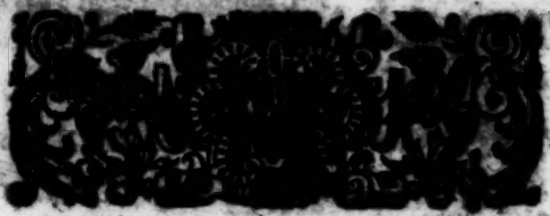

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL

OF

THANET, &c.

My LORD,

THE *present Times being pestered with nothing but Narrative and Narrative,*

Another upon Evidence; One to strengthen, and another to invalidate the Truth of a Plot; The Papists Libelling the Presbyterians, and the Presbyterians zealously Answering them, and both disturbing the Publick Peace: Insomuch that Mr. Stationer hath now nothing to Intertain his Customer with but some rare Pamphlet, which he is ready to commend as excellently penned, and learnedly handled. St. Austin's City of God, The Practice of Piety, The Whole Duty of Man, *&c. are grown even mouldy upon their Shelves; and none but the Advising* C—, *and Intelligent* V—, *(the former furnishing us with News from the Pope and*

and the latter with strange Stories of Things which never were) can merit their Favour, or be vouchsaf't an Acceptance: And therefore for me to intrude into his Shop, and desire a Place in his Classes, under the Notion of a Lover; is look't upon as the Superlative Degree of Boldness and Impudence, and I am immediately commanded to Retire; or if I persist Intreating, I am thrust out of Doors, and called an Idle Fellow, a Tory, an Enemy to the Good Old Cause, and I know not what. Forgetting that Love ought at this time especially, to have the greatest Empire in Mens Hearts, to Unite the Dissentingly Reformed to the Truly Reformed Opinion; and thus like

Ephraim

Ephraim *and* Manasseh, *both would agree against* Judah (*the Papists*).

And now, my Lord, being likely to be kept in Silence and Obscurity, and uncapable to appear abroad without a PROTECTION, *I made bold to enter into your Lordships Presence, and casting my self at your Feet, humbly implore your Honourable Patronage.*

Your Lordship will perchance be apt to ask me if this be a Time to talk of Love; *To which I believe I need not study for an Answer, when the high Station your Lordship has in the World, gives you the affrighting Prospect how little room Love takes up now among Men; Nay, 'tis almost forgot, and*

there-

therefore to give them this Memento of it, will not altogether be inseasonable.

My Lord, the Stage whereon Our Gallants acted their several Parts was France, *and having met with a General Acceptance and Favour in their* French, *I ventured to Equipp them in our English Garb. I hope they may give your Lordship some agreable Diversion, when your vacant Hours from more serious Affairs shall permit you.*

Your Lordships Favour and Incouragement is the sole Azyle to which I shall have Recourse, with which if I am honoured, I shall not value the severe Scrutinies of the nice Critick, nor the Opprobrious

probrious Censure of the Sedate Phanatick, whilst I think it my Duty to write my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordships

most humble and

devoted Servant,

R. H.

Loves Empire;

Or, The GALLANTRIES Of the FRENCH COURT.

NOtwithſtanding that in the Reign of *Lewis* the Fourteenth the War had continued above Twenty years, yet it did not hinder Love from cauſing ſome Amourous Intrigues; but as the Court was only filled

with old insensible Gentlemen, and young Sparks bred up in Armies, and whom that Profession had rendred Brutal, most of the Ladies were become less modest than formerly; and seeing they should have languished in Idleness if they had not made Advances, or at least if they had been Cruel, a great many grew tender hearted, and some very Confident.

Of this last Tribe was Madam *d'Olonne*: She had a round Face, a pretty Nose, a little Mouth, fine sparkling Eyes, and delicate Features, yet smiling, which embelishes most people, had in her a quite contrary effect; her Hair was a bright brown, her Complexion admirable, her Neck, Hands and Arms were well made, her shape was not to be commended, nor would she have been thought Charming had it not been for her Face: This much her Flatterers say, That when she first appeared at Court she had a handsome Body; which is the usual plea of those who would excuse Women who are too Corpulent. However this Lady was too sincere in this case to leave people in an Errour, for every one that had a mind might be informed of the contrary, and it was not her fault she did not undeceive all the World.

Ma

Madam *d' Olonne* had a quick and pleasant Wit when she was free; yet she was something false, inconstant, bold, malicious, loved pleasures even to Debauch; and there was excess in her least Divertisements: Her Beauty rather than her Estate, which was but small, obliged the Count *d' Olonne* to endeavour the making her his Wife: Which he quickly effected; for being a Person of Quality, and having a great Estate, he was agreeably received by Madam *de la Louppe* her Mother, and had not the leisure to sigh for Charms which for two years had inflamed the desires of all the Court: This Match being consummated, those Lovers withdrew who pretended to Marriage, and others came who only aimed at being beloved. One of the first who offered himself was *Beuvron*, whom the Neighbourhood of Madam *d' Olonne* gave the more conveniency of seeing; and by this means loved her a pretty while without being discovered; and I fancy this Amour would have still been concealed, if *Beuvron* had never had Rivals: But the Duke of *Candale* being fallen in love with Madam *d' Olonne*, quickly perceived what had hitherto remained concealed for want of interessed People: Not but that *d' Olonne*

loved his Wife extreamly, but Husbands are ſtupid, and ſo are never Lovers, and the jealouſie of theſe is much more piercing than that of the others: So that the Duke of *Candale* ſaw things that *d' Olonne* did not, and never has ſeen, for he is ſtill ignorant that *Beuvron* has had an Intrigue with his Wife.

Beuvron had black Eys, a handſom Noſe, a little Mouth, a long Face, very black long and thick Hair, a fine Shape, and Wit enough; He was not one of thoſe who talk all in Company, but was a Man of good ſenſe and honour, tho he had naturally an averſion for War, ſo that being fallen in love with Madam *d' Olonne*, he ſought for an opportunity to diſcover to her his Paſſion: Their Neighbourhood at *Paris* gave him occaſions enough, but her Inconſtancy made him apprehend an Intrigue with her: At length happening one day to meet with her without other Company, *If I only deſigned, Madam*, ſaid he to her, *to let you know that I love you, words would be altogether unneceſſary, my cares and my looks have told you ſufficiently what effect your Charms have had upon me; But, Madam, as I expect you ſhould one day make returns to my flames it is requiſite that I diſcover 'em, and aſſure you*

at the same time, that whether you love me or not, I am resolved to be your Votary as long as I live.

Beuvron having ceased speaking, *Sir*, answered Madam *d' Olonne*, *This is not the first time I perceived you loved me, and tho you did not acquaint me with it, I did not fail to think my self obliged to you for all you have done for me since the first moment you saw me, and this ought to be my Excuse when I confess I love you: Therefore do not esteem me the less, having long understood your sighs, and tho I should be something blamed for my little resistance, it would be a mark of the force of your merit rather than of my easiness.* It is easie to imagine that after this Confession it was not long before the Lady delivered up her Fort to her Gallant; This Intrigue lasted four or five Months without disturbance to either Party, but at length the Beauty of Madam *d' Olonne* was too much talked of, and that Conquest promised too much Glory in appearance to him who should make it, for *Beuvron* to be at rest. The Duke of *Candale*, who was the handsomest man of the Court, fancied that nothing was wanting to his Reputation, but the being beloved by the most beautiful Woman of the Kingdom: Wherefore he took a Resoluti-

on at the Army, three Months after the Campaigne, to be in love with her assoon as he should see her; and made appear by a great Passion he had afterwards for her, that Love is not always the work of Heaven and of Fortune.

The Duke of *Candale* had blew Eyes, a handsome Nose, irregular Features, a great and disagreeable Mouth, but very fine Teeth, light yellowish Hair both long and thick, his Shape was admirable, and he dressed so well, that the greatest Sparks endeavoured to imitate him; he had the air of a Person of great Quality, he held one of the first Ranks in *France*, was Duke and Peer, Governour of *Burgundy* joyntly with his Father, and sole Governour of *Auvergne*, and Colonel General of the French Infantry: His *Genius* was mean, but in his first Amours falling into the hands of a Lady who had an infinite deal of Wit, and as they had loved one another extreamly, she had taken so much care to polish him, and he to please that fair One, that Art had surpassed Na[illegible], and he was a much better bred man than a thousand others who have more sense than he.

In-

Insomuch that being returned from *Catalonia*, where he had commanded the Army under the Prince of *Conty*, he begun by a thousand eagernesses to acquaint Madam *d' Olonne* with the love he had for her, thinking she had never had an Amourous Intrigue: But seeing she made no returns to his Passion, he resolved to acquaint her with it after such a manner as that she might not seem to be ignorant of it; but as he had a kind of bashful respect for all Women, he chose rather to write than speak to Madam *d' Olonne*, and his Letter was in these terms.

I Am grieved, Madam, that all Delarations of Love are alike, and that there is sometimes so much differences in Sentiments: I am very sensible that I love you more than all the World is used to love, and yet I cannot express it otherwise then is done by all the World: Wherefore do not take notice of my words that are weak, and may be deceitful, but be pleased to make reflexion on my Conduct towards you, and if you find that to continue it with the same force, I must needs be deeply struck; yield to these testimonies and be assured, that since I love you so much, not being beloved by you, I shall adore you, when

you oblige me to have acknowledgment.

Madam *d' Olonne* having read this Letter, made this Answer:

IF any thing hinders you from being believed when you talk of Love, it is not that it is importunate, but that you tell it too well: Great Passions are usually more disordered, and methinks you write like a very witty Man, who is not in love, but would fain be thought so; and since it seems so to me, who am infinitely desirous that what you say were true, judge what People would imagine to whom your Passion should be indifferent, they would presently think you had a mind to railly; For my part, I'le never make a rash judgment, but will accept the Offer you make me, and am willing to judge by your Conduct of the Sentiments you have for me.

This Letter which grateful People would have thought very kind, did not seem so to the Duke of *Candale*; As he was very vain, he had expected less intricate Favours: and this obliged him not to press Madam *d' Olonne* so much as she was willing he should have done, and made her a hard task in spight of her self; and the thing had lasted a long

long time, if the Fair One had not gained upon her Modeſty to make him ſo many advances, that he fancyed he might make an attack without being expoſed to a Repulſe. The buſineſs being done, he quickly perceived *Beuvron*'s Commerce. Uſually a Pretender looks only before him, but a Lover well treated, looks on the right and on the left, and is not long without diſcovering his Rival: Hereupon the Duke complaines; His Miſtreſs calls him Caprichious and Tyrant, and takes him up ſo roundly, that he aſks her pardon for his ſuſpicions, and fancies himſelf too happy in having appeaſed her. This Calm did not long continue, *Beuvron* for his part reproached her to as little purpoſe as the Duke did, and ſeeing he could not deſtroy his Rival himſelf, he cauſed notice to be given under hand to *Olonne* that his Wife entertained the Duke of *Candale* for her Galant. *D' Olonne* forbids her to ſee him, that is to ſay, redoubled the Paſſion of thoſe two Lovers, who having the more deſire to ſee one another ſince it was forbidden, found a thouſand more convenient opportunities than thoſe they had before; However *Beuvron* remaining Maſter of the field of Battails, the Duke of *Candale* renewed his Complaints againſt him,

and

and uſed all his endeavours to have him Caſhiered, but all to no purpoſe; Madam *d' Olonne* told him that ſhe perceived he only conſidered his own Intereſt, and that he cared not if he ruined her, ſince that if ſhe ſhould forbid *Beuvron* to ſee her, her husband and all the world would not doubt but that ſhe made that ſacrifice to him; Madam *d' Olonne* did not love *Beuvron* ſo much as ſhe did the Duke, yet ſhe was not willing however to loſe him, and as well becauſe One and One make Two, as that becauſe Cocquetts fancy they can retaine their Galants better by a little Jealouſy than a great Tranquility.

In the mean time *Paget* a man pretty well ſtricken in years, meanly born, but very rich, fell in love with Madam *d' Olonne*, and having diſcovered that ſhe loved the ſport, he fancyed that his Money would ſerve him inſtead of Merit, and founded his greateſt hopes upon the ſum he reſolved to offer her; He had acceſs enough to her houſe to have ſpoke to her himſelf, if he had durſt; but he had not the boldneſs to begin a diſcourſe, which might be of ill conſequence if it was not kindly received, ſo that he thought the beſt courſe would be to write to her, which he did in theſe termes.

I Have often in my life been in Law, Madam, but I never loved anything so much as I do you: and what makes me think so is, that I never gave to any of my Mistresses above an hundred broad Pieces to purchase the Fruition of them; but to enjoy you I am willing to exceed to two Thousand: Think of it I beseech you, Madam, and be mindful that Mony was never so scarce as it is at present.

Quentine, Madam *d' Olonne*'s Waiting-woman and Confident, delivered her this Letter from *Paget*; and immediately after this Faire One made him he Answer that follows.

I Had already perceived you had a great deal of Wit by the conversation I had with you; but I knew not that you could write so well as you do; I never saw any thing so pretty as your Letter, I should be overjoyed if I might but receive often such, and in the mean time shall be very glad to discourse you this Evening at six a Clock.

Paget did not fail to be at the Assignation, and went thither in a Habit, that is to say, with his Bag and the appurtenances. *Quintine* having introduced him into her Mistresses

ſtriſſes Cloſet, left them together: *See here, Madam,* ſaid he to her, ſhewing what he brought, *this is what is not daily met with: will you receive it? I am willing,* ſaid Madam d'*Olonne, and it will help to amuſe us.* Whereupon having counted the two Thouſand broad Pieces they had agreed for, ſhe ſhut them up in a little Trunk, and placing her ſelf by them upon a little Couch, which did not laſt her long, *Sir,* ſaid ſhe to him, *there is not a Man in* France *wrights like you; what I am going to ſay, is not to ſhew my ſelf a Critick, but it is certain that I find but few people that have ſo much Wit as you have. Moſt men entertain us only with Fopperies, and when they would write to us kind Letters, they think they have done Miracles in telling us that they adore us, that they ſhall dye if we do not Love them, and that if we will be ſo gracious to them, they will ſerve us as long as they live: we have much need indeed of their Services. I am overjoyed,* ſaid *Paget, that my Letters pleaſe you; I ſhould not ſay this elſewhere, but to you, Madam, I ſhall not mince the matter, my Letters coſt me nothing. This is hard to be beleived,* anſwered *ſhe, you muſt then have a very great* Stock. After ſome other Diſcourſes, which Love interrupted two or thre times, they agreed of an other Interview, and at that of another: Inſomuch

ſomuch that thoſe two thouſand Broad Pieces procured *Paget* three Aſſignations.

But Madam *d' Olonne* being willing to make advantage of the Love of this Citizen, and of his Riches, deſired him at the fourth Viſit to begin again to write to her ſuch Letters of Gallantry as that ſhe had received from him: But he ſeeing that this would come to be of Conſequence, he fell to reproaching her, which did him no good; and all that he could obtain was, that he ſhould not be drove from her Houſe, and that he might come and play when ſhe ſhould ſend for him.

Madam *d' Olonne* fancied that by letting *Paget* ſee her, ſhe ſhould inflame his deſires, and that perhaps he would be again ſo ſimple as to ſatisfie them at any rate; but tho he was ſo much in love as not to be able to forbear ſeeing her, yet he was not charmed to the degree of buying her Favours daily.

Things being in theſe terms, whether ſpight made *Paget* blab, or that his frequent Viſits and the Money that Madam *d' Olonne* had played away, cauſed the Duke of *Candale* to make reflexions, he deſired his Miſtreſs, when he departed for *Catalonia*, not to ſee *Paget* any more, whoſe Commerce

was

was injurious to her Reputation; which she promised him, but did not keep her word; Insomuch that the Duke being informed by those who sent him News from *Paris*, that *Paget* went oftner then ever to Madam *d'Olonnes* House, he wrote to her this Letter.

WHen I took my leave, I desired you, Madam, not to see that Rogue Paget *any more, and yet he is ever at your Elbow; are not you ashamed to give me reason to be Jealous of a wretched Citizen, who could never be feared, were it not that you your self did make him Confident? If you do not Blush, Madam, I blush for you and my self, and for fear of meriting that Scandal you would heap upon me, I shall make an Effort upon my love to consider you only as an infamous Woman.*

Madam *d'Olonne* was much surprized to receive so rude a Letter, but as her Conscience reproached yet more sharply then her Lover, she did not seek reasons for her excuse, and contented herself with answering in these termes.

MY Conduct hitherto is so ridiculous, my Dear, that I should despair of being ever

ever loved by you, if I could not redeem my Credit by the Assurances I give you of a more honest civil Carriage in the future; but I swear by you your self, which is what I have most dear in the world, that Paget *shall never enter my House; and that* Beuvron, *whom my Husband forces me to see, shall see me so seldome, that you shall know, that you alone are in stead of all things to me.*

The Duke of *Candale* was so fully assured by this Letter, that he resolved not to condemn his Mistris any more upon appearances, which he judged to be all deceitful. And for having been, as he thought, without reason suspicious, he fell into the other extremity of Confidence, and took in good part all the Cocquetry and Infidelity that Madam *d' Olonne* committed for six Months together; for she continued to see *Paget*, and to give Favours to *Beuvron*; and tho the Duke of *Candale* had notice given him of it from several parts, he fancied that it proceeded from his Father or his Frinds, who were desirous to divert him from loving Madam *d' Olonne*, believing that this Passion would hinder him from thinking of Marrying.

So

So that he returned from the Army more in love than he had ever been; Madam *d'Olonne* likewise, with whom so long an absence made the Duke of *Candale* passe for a new Galant, redoubled her eagerness for him, even in the sight of all the Court; this Lover took the Imprudences she committed to see him, for marks of a passion she was no longer Mistriss of, tho they were only Testimonies of the natural Irregularity of her reason; when she did any Passionate act that made a Noise, he thought her deeply in love and yet she was only silly. And he was so perswaded of the kindness she had for him, that tho he should dye for her sake, he apprehended he should be still ungrateful.

It is easy to imagine that the Cartiage of these Lovers made a great Noise; they had both of them Enemies; but the Fortune of the One and the Beauty of the Other made a great many envy them: tho all the world would have served them, they would have destroyed all by their Imprudence, and all the world would have done them hurt: They made Assignations every where, without having taken any measures with any Body. They saw One another often in a house, that the Duke of *Candale* kept in the

e name of a Country Lady whom Madam *Olonne* pretended to visit most commonly night at her own House: all these Ren-evouzes did not take up all the time of is perfidious One, for when the Duke left er she went to the conquest of some new over, or at least to reassume *Beuvron* by thousand kindnesses for the fears the uke gave him.

The Winter passed thus without the Duke *Candales* suspecting the least ill in all she id, and he left her to return to the Army s well satisfied as he had ever been: he had ot been there two Months but that he arnt news which troubled his joy: His par-cular friends who took strict notice of his istresses Conduct did not dare to say any ing to him as long as they found him pre-ossessed by that faithless One; but meth ing very extraordinary having hap-ened since his absence, and not fearing a ght of her should destroy the impressions ey would give him, they altogether azarded, without making appear any de-gn or concert, to acquaint him with her ehaviour. Whereupon they each of them ngly sent him word that *Ieannin* was deep-y engaged with Madam *d'Olonne*, that his

assiduities gave cause to believe, not on
a design, but a happy success; and in a wor
that tho she were not culpable, he oug
not to be satisfied with her, seeing she w
suspected by all People.

But while these News are going to p
the Duke of *Candale* in a rage, it is fit
should speak of the birth, progress, and en
Jeannin's Passion.

Jeannin de Castille was well shaped, ha
a pleasing Countenance, was very spruce
but had little Wit; his Quality and Profe
sion were the same that *Pagers*, and was v
ry rich as well as he. He was handsome e
nough to ...ve it believed that in case h
had worn a Sword, his Merit alone migh
have procured him the Ladies Favours, bu
his Profession and his Riches made it suspe
cted, that all the Women he had had in
trigues with, were interessed, insomuch tha
when he was seen to be in love with Madam
d' Olonne, it was not doubted but that h
would be beloved for his Money.

The King after having passed the Sum
mers upon the Frontiers, usually returne
to *Paris* in the Winters, and all the Diver
tisements of the World possessed his Min
by turns; Billiards, Tennis, Hunting,
Plays, and Dancing had each their time
with

with him: At that time Lotteries were ſo much the mode, that every one had them; ſome of Money, others of Jewels and Moveables. Madam *d' Olonne* reſolved to have One of Money; but whereas in the moſt part of them all the Caſh was employed they had received, and that Fortune ſhared it, in this, which was of Ten thouſand Crowns, there was not Five employed, and thoſe Five too were diſtributed according as Madam *d' Olonne* thought fit. *Jeannin* was preſent when ſhe made the firſt Propoſals of the Lottery, and as ſhe asked a Sum of every one according to their Abilities, and that ſhe told him he was to give an Hundred pound, he made Anſwer, That he was willingly, and moreover promiſed her to procure amongſt his Friends wherewith to make it up a Thouſand. Preſently after, all the Company being gone except *Jeannin*, *I know not, Madam*, ſaid he to her, *whether you are yet acquainted with my Paſſion, for I have loved you a long time, and my ſighs already mount to a very great ſum; but after having given my ſelf entirely to you, I muſt needs ask the confirmation of my Bail, which I beſeech you to ſign, Madam, and obſerve, that beſides the Hundred pound you taxed me, I give you Nine hundred more for*

the having your Affection; for what I said of my Friends was only to deceive the People that were here when I spoke to you of this Affair. *I confess, Sir,* answered Madam *d' Olonne, I never thought you in love till now, not but that I have observed by certain Meenes in you what made me suspect some things, but I am so disgusted with those kind of ways, and sighs and languishings are in my mind so poor a Galantry, and such feeble Testimonies of love that if you had not taken a more gentile Course with me, you had lost your pains all your life time.* Now as for Acknowledgment, you may believe that People are not far from loving, when we are well assured of being beloved: There need no more to make *Jeannin* believe that he was at the Critical Minute. He cast himself at Madam *d' Olonne*'s feet, and as he would have made use of that Action of Humility for a pretext to higher Enterprizes, *No,* said she, *you are mistaken, Sir; In what Country have you heard say that Women make Advances? When you shall have given me reall marks of a great Passion, I shall not be ungrateful.* *Jeannin,* seeing that with her, Money was to be delivered before the Commodity, told her, That he had two Hundred broad Pieces, and that he would give them her if she

pleased:

pleaſed: She conſented, and having received them; *If you think fit, Madam*, ſaid he to her, *to grant me ſome favour upon the account of this Money, you will extreamly oblige me; or if you will ſtay till you have received the whole Sum, give me a Note under your Hand of the value received.* She choſe rather to kiſs than write; and a Moment after *Jeannin* went away, aſſuring her that he would bring the reſt on the morrow, which he did not fail to do; and the Moment was no ſooner counted, then that ſhe kept her word with him with all the Honour that can be expected in ſuch a Treaty.

Tho *Jeannin* came in through the ſame Door that *Paget* did, ſhe uſed him much better; whether ſhe hoped to draw greater Advantages from him at length, or that he had ſome concealed Merit that ſerved him inſtead of Liberality; ſhe did not ask him new Proofs of Love for the giving him new Favours. The Thouſand pounds made her love him three Months together, that is to ſay, treated him as if ſhe had loved him.

In the mean time the Duke of *Candale* having received Advice of his Miſtreſſes new Intrigues, he wrote her this Letter.

*THo you would justifie your self to me
all the things you are Accused of, I c
no longer love you, tho all that is said of y
was done only out of Malice: All Lovers
usually overjoyed to hear their Mistresses n
med, as for me I tremble as soon as I hear
read your Name, I ever fancy in these Occ
sions, that I shall learn some Story worse,
possible, than the former: And yet I need
know more to have the utmost Contempt for yo
you cannot add any thing to your Infamy
Wherefore expect all the Resentment that
a Woman without Honour deserves, from a
honest Man that has loved her extreamly.
shall not come to particulars with you, becau
I do not seek for your Justification, for you a
Convicted in my Opinion, and I will never hav
more to do with you.*

The Duke of *Candale* wrote this Lette
just as he was upon returning to Court; h
had newly lost a Battail, which did not
little contribute to the bitterness of hi
Letter: He could not suffer being beaten
every where, and it would have been some
Comfort to him in the Misfortunes of the
War, if he had been more happy in Love.
So that he began his Journey under a terri-

ble

le Melancholy: At another time he would ave come Poſt, but as if he had had ſome re-knowledge of his ill Fortune, he came s ſlowly as poſſible; he began to find him- ſelf ſomething Indiſpoſed upon the way. t *Vienna* he fell very ill, but being but a ays Journey from *Lyons*, he reſolved to o thither, knowing he ſhould be better ooked to. But the Fatigues of the Cam- agnia having brought him very low, his roubles made an end of him; for notwith- tanding he was young, and had the aſſi- tance of the beſt Phyſicians, yet they ould not ſave his Life: But as his greateſt ufferings could not make him forget Ma- dam *d'Olonne*'s Infidelity, he wrote to her his Letter juſt before his Death.

IF I could preſerve any kindneſs for you up- on my Death-bed, I ſhould be very loath to dye; but not being able to eſteem you any longer, it is without Regret that I leave the World; I only loved it that I might paſs it the more ſweetly with you: But ſince ſome little Merit I had, and the greateſt Paſſion imagi- nable, could not procure me your Affection, I do not deſire to live any longer, but perceiving that Death will free me from a great many Troubles. If you were capable of any tender-

nefs, you could not see me in the Condition am in, without dying for grief: But God thanked, Nature has done the busineſs, a since you could daily torment the Man of t World who loved you the moſt, you may w see him die without being concerned.

Adie

The firſt Letter that the Duke of *Ca dale* wrote to Madam *d' Olonne* about *Jea nin*, had made her ſo much affraid of h Return, that ſhe dreaded it like Death, an I fancy ſhe wiſhed ſhe might never ſee hi more. And yet the rumour of his bein in that Extremity grieved her to the heart and the News of his Death, which he Friend the Counteſs of *Fieſque* brought her had like to have made her dye her ſelf. Sh loſt her Senſes for ſome moments, and cam only to herſelf at the Name of *Merille* whom ſhe was told asked to ſpeak with her.

Merille was the Duke's principal Confi dent, and brought Madam *d' Olonne* the Letter from his Maſter that he had writ ten to her as he lay a dying, and the little Trunk wherein he put his Letters, and all the other Favours he had received from her. After having read this laſt Letter, ſhe fell

a Crying more bitterly than before. The Countess not being willing to leave her in so deplorable Condition, proposed the opening that Trunck for the amusing her grief. The Countess found at first a Handkerchief stained with blood in several places. *Ah! my God*, cryed Madam *d'Olonne*, *how has that poor Man, who had so many other things of greater Consequence, kept this Handkerchief till now; is there any thing in the world so kind!* And thereupon she related to the Countess, that having cut her Finger as she was working by him some years ago, he had asked that Handkerchief of her, with which she had wiped her hand, and had kept it ever since. After that they found Bracelets, Purses, Hair and Pictures of Madam *d'Olonne*, and coming to the Letters, the Countess desired her Friend that she might read some of them. Madam *d'Olonne* having given her Consent, the Countess opened this first.

IT is reported here you have been beaten; this is perhaps a false Rumour, and set on foot by those who envy you: But perhaps it is a Truth. Ah! My God! in this uncertainty I require my Lovers life of you, and I abandon to you the Army, yes, my God, and not only

only the Army, but the State and all the World together. Since I have been told this ſad News without particularizing any thing of you, I have made twenty viſits a day; I fell to talk of the War, to ſee if I could learn any thing that might give me eaſe: I am told every where that you have been beaten; but they do not ſpeak particularly of you, and I dare not ask what is become of you, not that I am afraid of making appear thereby that I love you; I am in too great a fright to take care of my Reputation; but I fear to learn more than I am willing to know. This is the ſtate I am and ſhall be in till the arrival of the firſt Poſt, if I am able to expect it. What redoubles my diſquiets is, that you have ſo often promiſed to ſend me expreſs Couriers upon all extraordinary Affairs, that I take it ill I have had none in this.

While the Counteſs was reading this Letter with motions of Concern and Pity, Madam d'*Olonne* was melting into tears; after having peruſed it, they were both ſome time without ſpeaking: *I'le read no more now*, ſaid the Counteſs, *for ſince it puts me in pain, it muſt needs trouble you much more. No, No*, replyed Madam d'*Olonne*, *continue, I beſeech you, my Dear, it makes*

me

not weep, but it puts me in mind of him. The Countess having opened a Letter, found it in these terms.

HOw! Will you never leave me at rest? Shall I always be in fear of losing you, either by your Death or Inconstancy: As long as the Campaigne lasts, I am in perpetual Alarms, the Enemies do not fire a Shot but what I imagine is aimed at you; and then I hear you have lost a Battail without knowing what is become of you, and though after a thousand mortal Apprehensions, I know at length my good fortune has saved you, (for you know by Experience you are not at all obliged to your own) I am told you are at Avignon *in the Arms of Madam* de Castillanne, *where you comfort your self for your Misfortunes. If it be so, I am very unhappy you did not lose your Life with the Battail: Yes, my Dear, I should choose rather to see you Dead than Inconstant; for I should have had the pleasure to believe that had you lived longer, you would have still loved me, whereas my Heart is only filled with rage to see my self abandoned for another, who does not love you so much as I do.*

Is it true, Merille, said the Countess, *that the Duke of* Candale *was in love with Madam*

de

de Castillanne? *No, No, Madam,* said he to her, *he was two days in* Avignon *at his return from the Army, to refresh himself, and there he made two Visits to Madam* de Castellanne; *judge if this can be called Love. But, Madam,* added he, addressing himself to Madam *d' Olonne, Who has given you such good Information of all my Master did? Alas!* answered she, *I only know the publick report; but it is so common, that this Amour is even said to be partly Cause of his Death*: And then she fell a crying again more than ever. The Countess, who only sought to make a Diversion to her Grief, asked her if she knew not the Hand of a Superscription of a Letter she shewed her: *Yes,* answered Madam *d' Olonne, it is a Letter from my Steward. This must be something very Curious,* said the Countess, *I must see what he writes*; and thereupon opened this Letter.

LEt my Lady tell you what she will, her House is never empty of Normans; those Devils would be much better in their Country than here; I am mad, my Lord, to see what I see, which I do not send you the Particulars of, because I hope you will be here very suddenly, where you will take order for all your self.

By

By these Normans the Steward meant *Beuvron* and his Brothers, *Jarry* and the Chivalier *de Sainct Earemond*, and the Abbot *de Villerceaux*, who were very assiduous at Madam *d' Olonne*'s House. The plainness with which this poor Man sent this News to the Duke of *Candale*, did so move that foolish Woman, that after having looked upon the Countess to see how she took it, she burst out a laughing; the Countess not having so much reason to be afflicted as she had, did the like: But poor *Merille* not being able to bear with so unreasonable a Joy, redoubled his Fears, and went out of the Cabinet in a pet. Two or three days after Madam *d' Olonne* being perfectly comforted, the Countess and her other Friends advised her to mourn for her Honours sake, her Intrigue with the Duke of *Candale* having been too publick, to make a Mystery of it: So that she constrained her self four or five days, after which she followed her old Course, and that which hastened her laying by her Mask of Mourning was the Carneval, which by giving her an opportunity to satisfie her Inclination, helped her likewise to content her Husband, who had great suspicions of her Correspondence with the Duke of *Candale*, and thought him-

himself very happy in being freed from him. Wherefore to make him believe she was no longer concerned, she masked herself four or five times with him, and being willing to regain entirely his Confidence by a great sincerity, she not only confessed to him her love for the Duke, not only that she had suffered the Fort to be taken, but the particulars of their Enjoyments: And as she specified the number, *He had but little love for you, Madam*, said he, insulting the memory of the poor deceased, *since he performed so seldom with so beautiful a Woman as you are.*

She had left her Bed but a week, which she had kept above four, by reason of a great hurt she had in her leg, when she resolved to mask herself. And this desire advanced her Cure more then all the Remedies she had used of a long time: So that she went in Masquerade four or five times with her Husband; but as these were only little private Masquerades, she resolved to have a great and famous One that might be talked of; and to that intent she, and three more, disguised themselves like Capuchins, and caused two others of her Friends to be disguised like Nuns: The Capuchins were she herself, her Husband, *Jarry*, and the

Abbot

Abbot *de Villerſeaux*: The Nuns were my Lord *Croſts* an Engliſhman, and the Marqueſs *de Sillery*. This Troop run into all Companies on *Shrove-Tueſday* Night. The King and Queen his Mother having been informed of this Maſquerade, were extreamly diſpleaſed with Madam *d' Olonne*, and ſaid openly that they would revenge the injury and Contempt that had been had of Religion in that Occaſion. Some time after their Majeſties were pacified, and all theſe Threatnings ended in their having no more eſteem for Madam *d' Olonne*.

During all theſe paſſages, *Jeannin* peaceably enjoyed his Miſtreſs. When ſhe cauſed the Lottery to be drawn, I have already ſaid that of Ten thouſand Crowns ſhe had received, ſhe had employed but the half at moſt, and the greateſt part of this half was diſtributed to the Capuchins, to the Nuns, and others of the Cabal. The Prince of *Marſillac*, who was young, to act the chiefeſt part upon this Stage, had the greateſt Lot, which was a Silver Ceſtern. *Jeannin*, with all the Favours he received, had only a Jewel of very ſmall valle: The great Rumour that run of the deceit of this Lottery, vexed him to ſee that he was no better treated than the moſt indifferent.

different. He complained to Madam *d' Olonne*, she not thinking fit to acquaint him with her Roguery, received his Complaints very ill, insomuch that before they parted, they both fell to Reproaches, the one for his Money, the other for her Favours. The Conclusion of which was, Madam *d' Olonne's* forbidding him her House, and *Jeannin* told her that he had never obeyed her so willingly as he should do in that Occasion, and that this Command would save him both Trouble and Expence.

In the mean time *Beuvron's* Commerce with her, lasted still; whether the Spark was not much in love, or that he thought himself happy in having her Favours at any rate, he tormented her a little about her Behaviour, she also treated as one she made use of when others failed her, and her love for him was as little as nothing.

Shortly after her falling out with *Jeannin*, *Marsillac* who had Friends who were much brisker than he was himself, was advised by them to apply himself to Madam *d' Olonne*, and told him that he was of an Age to make himself talked of, that Women procured Esteem as well as War, that Madam *d' Olonne* being one of the greatest Beauties of the Court, besides the great

Pleasures

Pleaſures, would likewiſe be an Honour to him ſhe ſhould love; and that it was very glorious to fill the place of the Duke of *Candale*. With all theſe Reaſons they eged on *Marillac* to make his Viſits to Madam *d' Olonne*; but becauſe he was naturally very diſtruſtful of himſelf, his Cabal being alſo very diſtruſtful of him, judged it was not fit he ſhould be left upon his word with her; and it was concluded that *Sillery* ſhould be appointed for his Governour, and to aſſiſt him upon occaſion. *Marillac* had made great Application to her for two Months for this, without having ſpoke to her of Love, otherwiſe then in general terms: He had however told *Silley*, that it was above ſix Weeks ſince he had made an Amarous Declaration to her, and had likewiſe invented a very harſh Anſwer, that he ſaid ſhe made him, that he might not think it ſtrange he was ſo long without receiving Favours. Whereupon his Governour, to ſerve his Pupil, ſpoke thus to Madam *d' Olonne*: *I know very well, Madam, that nothing is ſo free as Love, and that if the heart is not touched by inclination, the mind will never be much perſwaded by words; but I muſt however tell you, that when a Perſon is young and unmarried, I do not*

comprehend why a young amorous Gentleman is refused, who is as well provided, or I am much mistaken, as any man about Court; it is poor Marsillac *I speak of, Madam, since he is desperately in love with you, why are you so grateful? Or if you find you cannot love him, why do you amuse him? Love him or dismiss him. I know not since when,* answered Madam d'Olonne, *that Men pretend we should love them, without their having made it their Request; for I have heard say, it was they who formerly made Court. I know very well that in these latter days they treat Gallantry after a strange manner; but I knew not that they had reduced it to the point of requiring that Women should be their Votaries. How,* answered Sillery, *has not* Marsillac *declared he loves you? No, Sir,* said she to him, *it is you who first tell it me. Not but that his Assiduities have made me suspect he had some design; but till we are spoke to, we do not understand the rest. Ah Madam,* replied *Sillery, you are not then so much in fault as I thought,* Marsillac's *Youth renders him fearful; but the same Youth makes Women excuse several things. Persons of his Age are seldome faulty, for men but Twenty years old always meet with Compassion. I grant,* replied Madam d'Olonne, *that the Bashfulness of a young Man may*

Pa

Pity, and never Anger; but I likewiſe pretend he ſhould be reſpectful. Do you call reſpect, Madam, ſaid *Sillery* to her, *the not daring to ſay we are in love? It is all meer folly, I ſay, in regard of a Woman who would not make Returns: For in that Caſe the Gallant would not loſe his time, and would quickly know what he was to truſt to: But this reſpect which you require, Madam, is only of advantage to you with thoſe you have no inclination for; for if the Man you are inclined to love ſhould have too much of it, you would be very much perplexed.* As he had done ſpeaking, Company came in, whereupon he took his leave, and went to ſeek out *Marſillac*, to whom having made a thouſand Reproaches for his Timidity, he made him promiſe that before that day was at an end, he would make an amorous Declaration to his Miſtreſs: He likewiſe told him part of the things it was requiſite he ſhould ſay, which *Marſillac* had forgot within a Moment after; and having encouraged him as much as he could, he ſaw him get out for this great Expedition.

However *Marſillac* was under ſtrange diſquiets, ſometimes he thought his Coach went too faſt, ſometimes he wiſhed he might not find Madam *d'Olonne* at home, or that he might find ſome body with her e

In a word, he feared the same things that a brisk Man would have desired with all his heart. However, he was so unhappy as to meet with his Mistress, and to find her alone. He came up to her with so disordered a Countenance, that if *Sillery* had not already acquainted her with his Love, she would have discovered it by seeing him only that time. This Disorder helped to perswade her more then all he, or the Eloquence of his Friend could have said to her: And it is for this reason that Fools are more happy than the Wise in Love.

The first thing that *Marsillac* did after being seated, was putting on his Hat, so little was he himself; an instant after perceiving his folly, he took off his Hat and Gloves, then put on one again, and all this without saying a Word. *What's the matter, Sir*, said Madam *d' Olonne, you seem to be concerned at something. Do not you Divine it, Madam*, said *Marsillac? No* said she, *I do not comprehend it; How should I understand what you do not tell me, being hardly able to conceive what I am told? I shall tell you then, what it is*, replied *Marsillac* simpering, *I am in love with you. But why so much Ceremony*, said she, *for so small a thing: I do not see there is so much difficulty in loving*

loving, there appearing much more in loving well. Ah Madam! I find it much harder to tell it than to do it; I find none at all in loving you, and I ſhould find it ſo difficult to ceaſe loving you, that I ſhould never be able to forbear, tho' you ſhould order it me a thouſand times. I Sir, replied Madam *d' Olonne* bluſhing, *I have nothing to Command you.* Any other than *Marſillac* would have underſtood the cunning way that Madam *d' Olonne* made uſe of to permit him to love her: But his Wit was gone a Wool-gathering, and all Delicacy upon him was loſt. *How Madam*, ſaid he to her, *do you not eſteem me enough to honour me with your Commands. Well*, ſaid ſhe to him, *ſhould you be glad I ordered you not to love me any longer? No, Madam*, replied he bluntly. *What would you be at then*, ſaid Madam *d' Olonne? Love you as long as I live*, ſaid he. *Well*, ſaid ſhe, *love me as long as you pleaſe and hope.* This had been ſufficient for a more preſſing Gallant than *Marſillac* to have pretended to enjoyment immediately; and yet notwithſtanding all that Madam *d' Olonne* could do, he made her wait two Months, and at length, when they came to the point, ſhe was forced to make all the Advances. The eſtabliſhing this new Commerce did not

make her break that she had with *Beuvron*. The last Lover was ever the most beloved, but he was not so much in her Favour as to drive away *Beuvron*, who was a second Husband to her.

A little before the Rupture of *Jeanne* with Madam *d'Olonne*, the Chevalier of *Grammont* was fallen in love with her, and he being a very extraordinary Person, it is fit I give a Description of him.

The Chevalier had brisk Eyes, a handsome Nose, a pretty Mouth, a dimple in his Chin, and I know not what of fine in his Phisiognomy, his Shape had been comely, had he not stooped, his Wit was delicate and gallant. However, his Meen and his Accent gave a Grace to what he said, that became nothing in the Mouth of another. A mark of this is that he writ the worst of any Body, and he writ as he spoke. Though it be superfluous to say that a Rival is incommode, the Chevalier was to that point, that it would have been better for a poor Woman to be troubled with four others than he alone. He was so sprightly that he hardly ever slept, he was liberal to Profusion, and by that means his Mistress and his Rivals could not have Servants nor Secrets but what he knew, otherwise the best

beſt Man in the World. It was twelve years ſince he began to love the Counteſs of *Fieſque*, a Woman as extraordinary as he was a Man, that is to ſay, as ſingular in Merits as he was in ill Qualities; but as of thoſe twelve years ſhe had been baniſhed, five from Mademoiſelle *d'Orleans, Gaſton's of France's* Daughter, a Princeſs whom Fortune perſecuted, becauſe ſhe had Vertue, and could not reduce her great Courage to the baſeneſſes that the Court demands. During their abſence the Chevalier had tied himſelf to a very regular Conſtancy; and tho the Counteſs was very lovely, he merited ſome excuſe for his Lightneſs, being he had never received any favour from her. He had however cauſed ſeveral to be jealous; *Rouville* was one of thoſe who were ſo: As he was one day reproaching the Counteſs that ſhe loved the Chevalier, that fair One told him that he was mad to believe ſhe could love the greateſt Cheat in the World. *This is a pleaſant reaſon, Madam, which you alledge, I know you are a greater Cheat than he, and yet I cannot forbear loving you.*

Tho the Chevalier was in love with all Women, the Counteſs however had that power over him, that what engagement

ſoever he had elſewhere, ſo ſoon as he knew that any One viſited her oftner than ordinary, he quitted all to return to her. And he was in the Right, for the Counteſs was a lovely Woman, ſhe had blew and ſparkling Eyes, a handſome Noſe, an agreable Mouth, of a fine Colour, and white and ſmooth Skin; the forme of her Face was long, and never any One but ſhe in the world was embeliſhed with a long Chin; her hair was brown, and ſhe was ever Gallantly dreſt, but her finery proceeded rather from Art than the magnificence of her Clothes; her Will was free and naturall, her Humour cannot be deſcribed, for it was with the Modeſty of her Sex of the Humour of all the World. People by much thinking of what they have to do, think uſually better at the end than at the beginning. The contrary happened uſually to the Counteſs, her Reflections ſpoyled her firſt Motions. I know not if the Confidence ſhe had in her Merit made her careleſs of ſeeking Lovers, for ſhe took no pains at all to have them. And indeed when any One of himſelf made his addreſſes to her, ſhe neither affected Rigour to be rid of him, nor Kindneſs to retain him, he left of his Courtſhip if he pleaſed, if he pleaſed he con-

continued it: and what course soever he took he did not subsist to her cost. So that the Chevalier as I have said, had not visited her in five years time, and during that absence that he might not lose time he had had a thousand Mistresses, amongst others *Victoria Manciri*, Duchess of *Mercœur*, and three dayes after her Death, Madam *de Villars*, and it was for this reason that *Benserade*, who was in love with her, made this Sonnet upon the Chevalier.

Can you rejoice after the Mortall stroak
That kill'd the loveliest Object e're was seen?
A real Lovers heart would have been broke,
In the same Tomb he would have buryed been.

A Heart so Charm'd can it new flames receive?
'Tis an unheard of infidelity!
When a fair Mistress's death you ought to grieve,
You turn Gallant and at new Game would fly.

For this unworthy weakness you will smart;
You love have fail'd, & love will fail your heart,
And you're already fall'n into the Snare.

I know the Beauty who does you decoy
I love her, and that all I may declare;
What gives you ease, alas! does me destroy.

The

The Counteſs returning ſome time after to *Paris*, the Chevalier not being tyed to Madam *Villars* by any favours, quitted her to return to the Counteſs; but as he was never long in the ſame ſtate, and being tyred with her, he made his addreſſes to Madam *d'Olonne*, at the ſame time that *Marſillac* entred into an engagement with her, and tho the Chevalier was leſs Modeſt than *Marſillac* with the Ladies, he was not however the more preſſing; on the contrary provided he might toy with 'em, have it ſaid in the world that he was in love, find ſome People of eaſie belief to flatter his vanity; put a Rival in pain, be better received than he, he was not at all fond of a ſurrender. One thing he did that made it more difficult for him to perſwade than it was for another, was that he never ſpoke ſeriouſly. Inſomuch that a Woman muſt needs flatter her ſelf extreamely, to beleive he was in love with her.

I have already ſaid that never any Gallant that was not beloved was more incommode than he, he had ever two or three Lacquies without Liveries, whom he called his Bloodhounds, whom he cauſed to dog and obſerve his Rivals and his Miſtreſſes.

Ma-

Madam *d' Olonne* being in pain One day how ſhe ſhould go to an Aſſignation ſhe had made with *Marſillac*, without being diſcovered by the Chevalier, reſolved for her pleaſure to go hooded up with her Chamber Maid, and to Paſs the River in a Boat; after having given orders to her ſervants to go wait for her at *Fauxbourgs Saint Germain*, the firſt Man who gave her his hand to help her into the Boat, was the Chevaliers Bloodhound, before whom, without knowing him, ſhe had been merry with her Chamber Maid, for that ſhe had deceived the Chevalier, and talked of what they were going to do that day; this Bloodhound went immediately to acquaint his Maſter, who ſtrangly ſurpriſed Madam *d' Olonne* the next day, when he acquainted her with the perticulars of her Rendevouz of the Evening before.

An honeſt welbred Man having convicted his Miſtreſs of loving another than himſelf, withdraws immediately and without noiſe, particularly if ſhe had not made him any promiſe; but the Chevalier was not of that humour; when he could not procure being beloved, he would rather chooſe to have been ſtabbed than leave his Miſtreſs and Rival in repoſe. Now Madam

dam *d' Olonne* having reckoned for nothing the Assiduities that the Chevalier had payed her for three Months together, and turned into Raillery all that he had told her of his Passion, and the more for that she was perswaded, that he had as great an one for the Countess as he could have for her, she hated him as the Devil. Then this Lover fancying that a Letter would do his buisness much better than all he had done or said thitherto, in that Opinion he writ to her in these termes.

IS it possible, my Goddess, that you should be ignorant of the love, that your fair Eyes, my Suns, have kindled in my heart? That it be useless to have recourse with you to those Declarations which we are forced to have with mortal Beauties, and that mental Prayers, ought to suffice you, I have told you a thousand times that I loved you; yet you laugh and make me no answer; Is this a good or an ill sign my Queen, I conjure you to explain your self therein, that the most passionate of mortals may continue to adore you, and cease to displease you.

Madam *d'Olonne* having received this Letter, carried it immediately to the Countess, with whom she fancyed it had been concerted,

certed, but did not seem to beleive any such thing at first. As there was alwayes a seeming kindness between them, she smiling valued at a high rate her refusing her Lover, and the notice she gave of the infidelity he would have committed. This vexed the Countess, tho she did not love the Chevalier: most Women are no more willing to lose their Lovers whom they had no kindness for than those they favour, and particularly when they abandon them to give themselves to others, and their Vexation does not so much proceed from the loss they have as from the preference of their Rivals: which was the Countesses ease in this encounter. However she thanked Madam *d' Olonne* for the intention she had to oblige her, but protested she had no engagement with the Chevalier, but that on the contrary she should be obliged to those who would rid her of him. Madam *d' Olonne* did not content her self with shewing that Letter to the Countess, she likewise vapoured with it to *Marsillac*; and whether she or the Countess spoke of it to others, every body knew that the Poor Chevalier had been sacrificed, and he himself was quickly acquainted with the jests that were made upon his Letter.

Con-

Contempt offends all Lovers, but when Raillery is joyned with it they are netled to the heart: The Chevalier seeing himself Casheired and laughed at, kept no longer any measures, he said all manner of ill things of Madam *d' Olonne*, and it was perceived in this Occasion, that this fooliſh Woman had found the secret of losing her reputation by preserving her Honour of being Cruel, and cryed out upon for a Gilt.

The Chevalier hated none of his Rivals so much as he did *Marsillac*, as well because he thought him better treated, as for that he fancyed he the least deserved it: he called Madam *d' Olonne*'s Lovers, the Philiſtins, and said that *Marsillac* by reason he had but little Wit, had defeated them all with the Jaw bone Bone of an Ass.

In this same time the Count of *Guiche*, the Mareschal of *Grammont*'s Son, as beautiful as an Angell, and full of Love, fancyed that the conquest of the Countess would be both easie and honorable to him; insomuch that he resolved to undertake it out of motives of Glory; he mentioned it to *Manicamp* his faithful and necessary Friend; who approved his designe, and offered to serve him in it. The Count *de Guiche* and *Manicamp* have so great a part

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in this ſtory, that it is neceſſary to ſpeak of them *en paſſant*, and make them perfectly known; and in order to that it is fit I begin with the deſcription of the former.

The count *de Guiche* had great black Eyes, a handſome Noſe, well made, his Mouth was ſomething wide, the forme of his Face round, his Complexion was admirable, had a great Forehead and a fine Shape: he had Wit, was very knowing, addicted to raillery, light, preſumptuous, brave, haſty and without friendſhip: he was Colonel of the French Gards, jointly with the Mareſchal of *Grammont* his Father.

Manicamp had ſweet blew Eyes, a Hawk's Noſe, a wide Mouth, his Lips were very red and full, his Complexion was ſomething yellow, his Face was flat, his Haire thick long and white, his Shape was fine if it had not been too much neglected: As for Wit he had enough of the Count *de Guiche*'s ſort; he had not acquired ſo much, but his *Genius* way at leaſt as good; his Fortune not being ſo well ſetled as the others, made him ſomething the more cautious; but they had naturally both the ſame inclinations to the hinder parts and to raillery;

and

and indeed they loved one another as ardently as if they had been of different Sexes.

At the same time Madam *d' Olonne* shewed all the World the Chevalier *de Grammont*'s Letter, he discovered the love the Count *de Guicke* had for the Countess of *Fiesque*, this was of no small use to him for the making her fall out with Madam *d' Olonne*, fancying his Reconciliation would be the more easy with the Countess, the less he kept measures with the others: but while he is endeavouring to make Peace for himself, let us se what the Count *de Guicke* did to render himself lovely. First you must know then that the Count had a very great passion for Mademoiselle *de Beauvais*, a Maid of mean Birth, but of a great deal of Wit; it must likewise be known that he had been so traversed by his Relations in that Amour, that they feared she would make him commit the same folly, that his Sister had caused the Marquess of *Richilieu* to do, whom that Consideration, as well as the Rigours of the faire One, had very much disgusted, and had the deeper engaged him in the design of Loving the Countess; but he had not for this faire One, all the inclination she deserved, and it was less a second passion than a Remedy to the former.

former. But he got little ground, & all that he could do was to move the Counteſs and to put the Chevalier into diſpair, and for that end he kept to Lookes and Aſſiduities, without caring to ſpur on faſter. The Counteſs, whoſe heart, as is beleived, was never ſmitten with any thing but the merit of *Guiſtand*, the Prince of *Conde*'s Favourite, whom ſhe had not ſeen in four or five years, but with whom ſhe had kept a commerce of Letters, felt her Conſtancy ſhaken by the Count *de Guiches* addreſſes, and notwithſtanding all that *Gerſé*, *Guiſtavel*'s friend, could ſay to her, for the obliging her to chace away the Count, ſhe would not at firſt yeild to it, but ſeemed to ridicule that Amour, and a long time eluded the Counſels of all her friends: yet at length ſhe her ſelf perceiving that the Count took no advantage of it, ſhe reſolved to procure her ſelf honour by making a Virtue of the neceſſity ſhe beleived her ſelf in of loving her, and that this might not ſeem a Sacrifice to the Chevalier, who had bragged he could cauſe his Nephew to be Caſhiered, ſhe turned them both off, yeilding at that time to the adviſe of *Gerſé*, as ſhe told him; and hereupon was made this jeaſt, that the Counteſs was

going to signe the Discharges and Passports of her Lovers, but the Chevalier caused her to be so intreated by her best Friends, that he obtained leave to see her at a fortnights end, and it was upon this that the Song was made to the tune of Saraband.

So zealously old Gersé plaid his part,
With such success he serv'd his Flemmish Friend,
That the fair Lady, who has still my Heart
Never to see her did me Orders send.
He fancied then, and I was much afraid,
An everlasting Doom on me was laid;
In a short banishment yet all will end.

Five or six Months being passed, during which the Chevalier was too happy, he was not troubled with his Nephew, had enjoyed the pleasures of solely loving the Countess, some freinds of the Count *de Guiche* represented to him that being the handsomest Man of the Court, it was a shame for him to find any Lady cruel, and that the success he had had with the Countess had done him an injury in the world: these reasons made him resolve to reingage himself: He returned from he Campagne wounded in his Right Hand, but his Wound, tho great, not having

having hindred him from going abroad ſome times, he met the Counteſs One day in the *Tuilleryes*: He had the Abbot *Fouequett* with him, who was that Lady's particular friend, who thinking to do them a pleaſure, engaged them in diſcourſe, and left them together a pretty long time. The Count ſaid nothing at all of love, but his ways and his looks made the Counteſs underſtand but too much, nay more than he deſigned ſhe ſhould: This Converſation was quickly ended by the Count *de Guiche*'s fainting away, out of which he was recovered by the help of the Counteſs and the Abbot.

Their Opinion of the cauſe of his fainting away were divers, the Abbot attributed it to the Counts wound, and the Counteſs to his paſſion. A Woman believes nothing more willingly than that ſhe is beloved, becauſe Love makes her beleive that ſhe ought to be beloved, and becauſe One is not hard to be perſwaded of what One deſires. Theſe reaſons made the Counteſs not at all doubt of the Count *de Guiche*'s Love. At that time Madam *de Olonne* not being willing that a young ſpark ſo well made ſhould eſcape her, deſired *Vitneuil* to bring the Count *de Guiche* to her, but this Gentleman's time was not yet

come, he went from thence as free as he came thither. He continued his Design for the Counteſs, his Aſſiduities having renewed the Chevaliers jealouſie; he to inform himſelf how his Nephew ſtood with his Miſtreſs, wrote with his left Hand the following Letter to that fair One.

IT is no ſmall trouble to have only a poor left Hand; I beſeech you, Madam, to grant me the honour of ſeeing you ſome time this day, but my dear Unkle muſt know nothing of it, for I ſhould run a riſque of my Life, and perhaps you your ſelf would come off but little better.

The Counteſs having read this Letter, gave charge to her Porter to bid him who ſhould come for an Anſwer, that he ſhould tell his Maſter, That he ſhould ſend *Manicamp* to her at Three a Clock in the Afternoon. When the Chevalier had received this Anſwer, he fancied he had wherewith to Convict the Counteſs of being in the deepeſt Engagement of an Amorous Intrigue with his Nephew; and in that Opinion he went to her Houſe: The Rage he was in had ſo changed his Countenance, that had the Counteſs ever ſo little diſtru-

ſted

fied him, she had discovered all at the first sight; but not suspecting the least, she took no notice of his looks. *Madam*, said he to her, *is it long since you saw the Count* de Guiche? *Not these five or six days*, answered she. *But*, replied the Chevalier, *It is not so long since you received Letters from him. I, Letters from the Count* de Guiche? said she; *Why should he write to me? Is he in a Condition to write to any Body? Take care of what you say, Madam*, replyed the Chevalier, *for it is of moment. The truth is*, said the Countess, *that* Manicamp *has newly sent to ask me if the Count* de Guiche *might come and see me to day; and I sent him word, he should come without his Friend. It is true*, replyed the Chevalier hastily, *that you just now sent word to* Manicamp *that he should come without the Count* de Guiche, *but it was upon the Count's Letter that you sent him that Message, and I come to know it, Madam, because that it was I that writ it, and had your Answer delivered to me. Is it not sufficient that you do not make Returns to the Passion I have had these Twelve years for you, but you must prefer a young Boy before me, who does not love you, nor has seemed to love you above a Fortnight?* After this Discourse he was like a Mad-man for a Quarter of an hour toge-

ther. The Counteſs ſeeing herſelf Convicted, would turn the thing into Raillery: *But ſince you ſuſpected an Intrigue between me and your Nephew*, ſaid ſhe to him, *why did you not ask me things of greater importance than an hour to ſee me?* *Ah! Madam*, replyed he, *I know but too much to make me believe that you are the moſt ungrateful Woman in the World, and I the moſt unfortunate of all Men.* *Manicamp* came in juſt as he had ſpoke theſe words, whereupon he went away to conceal the diſorder he was in. *What's the matter, Madam*, ſaid *Manicamp*, *I find you in a ſtrange perplexity*? The Counteſs related to him all the Chevaliers Deceipt, and their Converſation thereupon; and after ſome Diſcourſes upon this Subject, *Manicamp* went away, and within an hour brought this Letter from the Count *de Guiche*.

For fear Forgers ſhould injure me by acting my part, and leſt you ſhould be miſtaken in the Character and the Stile, I was deſirous to make known to you both the one and the other; the laſt is more difficult, being dictated by ſomething above their Sentiments.

The Counteſs having read this Letter,

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My God, said she to him, *how silly is your Friend! I am afraid he will bring trouble both upon me and himself.* *Provided, Madam,* answered *Manicamp*, *that you understand one another, you cannot come to trouble.* *But,* answered the Countess, *can he only act with me the part of a Lover?* *Yes, Madam,* said he, *it is impossible for him to change; and what ought to perswade you, is that he returns to the Charge after having been routed: This shews a furious necessity in him of loving you.* As they were going to continue this Conversation, Company came in who interrupted it, *Manicamp* taking leave, went immediately to his Friend to acquaint him with what had just passed between the Countess and him. The Count *de Guiche* not believing that the Letter he had written to the Countess, was sufficient to perswade her perfectly of his Passion, he wrote another, which expressed it more clearly, and gave it *Manicamp* in charge; who carrying it the next day to that fair One, lost it by the way, insomuch that he returned immediately to acquaint the Count with the Accident that had befallen him; whereupon that Count writ this Letter to the Countess.

IF you were perſwaded of my Sentiments, you would eaſily comprehend, that I am ill ſatisfied with ſo careleſs a Man as Manicamp; *you are going to ſee the greateſt quarrel in the World, if you do not prevent it; think but what I do for you, ſince I break with the beſt of my Friends without Return on my ſide; but, as he has ſtill other Aſſiſtance, and that you are not ſo much diſpleaſed as I am, I fear he will force me to pardon him through your Interceſſion.*

Manicamp went and ſought every where for the Counteſs, and having at length found her at Play at Madam *de Bonnelle*'s, *I bring good luck, Madam, to People I approach,* ſaid he to her; and having placed himſelf by her, he neatly ſlipt his Friends Letter into her Pocket, and went away. The Counteſs withdrawing ſome time after to her own Houſe, having left off Play, in taking out her Handkerchief, ſhe found the Count *de Guiche*'s Letter, ſealed and without Superſcription; if ſhe had thought what it was, ſhe would not have opened it, but for fear ſhe ſhould be obliged not to break it open, ſhe was not willing to ſpend thoughts upon it, and opened it immediately

ately without the leaſt reflexion: All the Counteſſe's vivacity could not make her imagine what the Count *de Guiche* meant by his being diſſatisfied with *Manicamp*; inſomuch that ſhe ordered one of her Servants to go tell him, he ſhould come and ſee her on the Morrow, being reſolved to rattle him for the Letter he had given her from the Count *de Guiche*, and to forbid him to charge himſelf with any more for the future. As he entred the Chamber the next day, her Curioſity made her forget her Anger: *Well*, ſaid ſhe, *tell me your quarrel with your Friend. It is, Madam*, ſaid he to her, *that as I was bringing you a Letter two days ago, I loſt it, and he is enraged againſt me, and I know not what to ſay to him, for I am in the fault.* The Counteſs fearing this loſt Letter might be found by ſome one who might make a Story of it, to make the publick Sport; *Go*, ſaid ſhe to him, *go ſeek it every where, and do not return till you have brought it me back. Manicamp* went away immediately, and returned in the Evening to tell her, that he could not find it, that the Count *de Guiche* would no longer ſee him, and that he came to beſeech her to reconcile them. *I will*, ſaid ſhe, *tho you do not deſerve it. And I ſhall go to morrow to*

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Mademoiselle, bid your Friend be there. I have no more Commerce with him, said *Manicamp* to her, *and nothing can appease him but a Letter from you. I write to the Count de Guiche!* replyed the Countess, *you are a pleasant Man to make such a Proposal. Tho we are fallen out, Madam*, answered *Manicamp, I cannot forbear telling you still that he deserves that favour. Do not think of him in this Occasion, give this Letter to the Friendship you have for me, and I promise that when it has done the business, I will return it into your hands.* The Countess having made him engage his word he would bring back her Letter, she writ to him the day following in these terms.

THe intention of these Lines are only to ask Manicamp's *pardon, and if it is necessary to say any thing more to oblige you to grant it me, give credit to what he shall acquaint you with from me; he is so much my Friend, that I cannot refuse any thing that may be useful to him.*

The Count of *Guiche* having received this Letter, found it too hard to restore it, he fancied he should get quit by disavowing *Manicamp*, and in the mean time he encharged him with this Answer.

I Could infinitely desire you were as much inclined to grant me what I should desire of you, as it was easie for me to grant pardon to the Criminal: I avow to you, that with such a Recommendation it was impossible to refuse any thing: If I was so happy as to be able to give you proofs thereof by something more difficult, you would know that you did me an injustice, when you doubted of the truth of my Sentiments: They are, I assure you, as passionate as so lovely a Person as you are, can inspire, and shall ever be as modest as you can desire them. Notwithstanding all what our Governours say, I conjure you to follow the advice of the Criminal; for tho he is something careless, his zeal for our Service deserves to be Commended.

That advice was to be very distrustful of the Chevalier, who did all he could to traverse his Nephew, and to make him appear indiscreet and unfaithful to the Countess. After that *Manicamp* told her that the Letter she had written to the Count *de Guiche*, had so transported him with joy, that it was impossible to get it from him, but that she should not be in pain, for that it would be as safe in his Friends hands as in the fire;

and

and moreover, that he had never seen a Man so much in love as the Count was, and that he would certainly love her as long as he lived. *But*, interrupted the Countess, *what is the meaning of so many Visits that your Friend makes to Madam* d' Olonne? *Does he go to desire her to intercede with me for him?* *He does not visit her at all, Madam*, answered *Manicamp, that is to say, he has been there but once or twice; but I discover the Chevaliers Malice in what you tell me, and I am certain the Count* de Guiche *will know this Knavish trick to be of his Unkles Stamp. But, Madam, hear my Friend before you Condemn him. I am of your Opinion*, said she to him; and indeed *Manicamp* guessed right: For the Chevalier had told the Countess that the Count *de Guiche* was in love with Madam *d' Olonne*, that she only served for a Pretext, and a thousand other things of that Nature, that appeared to her so likely, that though she distrusted the Chevalier in what concerned the Count *de Guiche*, she could not forbear giving Credit to him in this Encounter. The next day a Lady of her Acquaintance being come to press her to go into the Country, she let herself be perswaded: And really fancying the Count *de Guiche* false, she would not come to any Ex-

Explication with him; and not to break off all, she thought it convenient to prepossess *Guitand* by a false Confidence, for fear he should learn by other means the truth of all. Wherefore she sent him a Copy of the Count *de Guiche*'s last Letter, and after that her Friend and she went out of Town. The Chevalier, who had an Eye upon all the Countesses Actions, and had bribed all her Servants, had the Pacquet she sent to *Guitand* two hours after it was made up. He took a Copy of the Count *de Guiche*'s Letter, and cast the Pacquet into the Fire. Two days after, having learnt that the Countess was gone, he wrote to her this Letter.

IF you had had as much desire to informe your self of things you seemed to doubt of, as I had by a thousand true reasons to take from you all manner of Scruples, you would not have undertaken so long a Journey, or at least you would have been sorry to have appeared so good a Friend. I would not forbid your having a kindness, but I should extreamly desire to have some part in the Application, and I avow to you, that if I was happy enough to compas it by the same means, I should endeavour to render my self worthy of it by my Conduct.

While

While this Letter was a carrying to the Countess, the Chevalier went to seek out his Nephew, with whom he found *Mancamp*. After a Prologue of Raillery upon the good Fortunes of the Count *de Guiche* in General: *Faith, my poor Friends*, said he to them, *I confess you are younger and gentleeler than I am, and I shall never dispute with you a Mistress I have not been a long time acquainted with: But however, you must yield the Countess to me, and all those I have any Engagement with. The Vanity Women take in a great number of Galants may oblige them to give you some hopes. There are few who at the first onset will stifle the Vows of their Adorers: But sooner or later they return to reason; and it is then that the new Comer passes his time very ill, and that the old Gallant jointly with his Mistress cry, Farewel you Gentlemen Serenaders. You promised me, Count* de Guiche, *never to torment me more, as to what concerns the Countess; you have broke your word, and committed an infidelity that has done you no good: For the Countess has given me all the Letters you wrote to her; I'le show you the Originals when you will: In the mean time here is a Copy of the last Letter you sent her*; and saying that, he took out a Letter of the Count *de Guiche*'s, and having read it; *Well! my Dear*,

Dears, said he to them, *you'l hunt upon my grounds again, will you?*

While the Chevalier was speaking, the Count *de Guiche* and *Manicamp* looked amazedly upon one another, not being able to comprehend that the Countess had so basely deceived them. At length *Manicamp* broak silence, and addressing himself to the Count, *You are treated*, said he to him, *as you deserved; but since the Countess has not had any Consideration for us*, added he, turning towards the Chevalier, *we are not obliged to have any for her: We easily perceived we have been Sacrificed, but there was a time, Chevalier, that you was so too; We have indeed great reason to complain of her, but you have none at all to be satisfied with her: When we some times rejoyced and were merry at your Costs, the Countess went halves with us at the least. The truth is*, said the Count *de Guiche*, *that you would not have reason to be satisfied with the Countesses preference in your Favours, if you knew the esteem she has of you; and this makes me draw infallible Consequences that she is deeply engaged with you, since after all the things she has told me, she only betrays me to give you satisfaction.* Thereupon being all three really reconciled, and having given one another a thousand Assurances of

Friend

Friendſhip for the future, they parted.

The Count *de Guiche* and *Manicamp* ſhut themſelves up to make a Letter of reproaches in *Manicamps* Name to the Counteſs, to which the poor Counteſs being innocent, made anſwer, that he and his Friend had been taken for Cullies, and that the Chevalier was cunninger than they; that ſhe could not tell by what means he had got the Letter he had ſhowed them, but that they One day ſhould clearly ſee that ſhe had not made a Sacrifice of them. This Letter not finding *Manicamp* any longer at *Paris*, he being gone out the day before with the Count *de Guiche* to follow the King in his Progreſs to *Lyons*, he did not receive it till he arrived at Court, and thought neither the more, nor the leſs advantageouſly of the Counteſs: during all theſe paſſages, *Marſillac*'s Intrigue with Madam *d' Olonne* jogged on; that Lover ſeeing her with the greateſt conveniency imaginable by night at her Houſe, and by day at Mademoiſelle *de Cornuelle*'s, a lovely Creature, and of a great deal of Wit. Madam *d' Olonne* had by her Bedſide a Cloſet, in a corner of which ſhe had cauſed a trap Door to be made, which went into another Cloſet underneath, where-

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in *Marſillac* entred when it was night; a Foot-Carpet concealed the Trapdoor, and a Table covered it. Thus *Marſillac* paſſing the Night with Madam *d'Olonne*, according to the common report, did not loſe his time: This laſted till ſhe went to the Waters, in which time *Marſillac*, who wrote to her a thouſand Letters that are not mentioned here, becauſe they are not worth the pains; wrote this Amourous Ticket to her one day, before bidding her Adieu.

I never felt ſo lively a Grief as that I am ſenſible of at preſent, my Dear, becauſe I never yet parted from you ſince we have been in love with one another. Nothing but abſence, and that too the firſt abſence of what a perſon infinitely loves, can reduce one into the lamentable Condition I am in. If any thing could leſſen my trouble, my Dear, it would be the belief that you would ſuffer as much as I do. Do not take it ill that I wiſh you in pain, ſince it is a mark of your love. Farewel my Dear, be well aſſured that I love you, and that I ſhall love you ever; for if you are once really perſwaded of this truth, it is impoſſible but that you muſt love me as long as you live.

Her Anſwer was:

COmfort your ſelf, my Dear, If my Grief gives you eaſe, it is as great as you

could desire it; I cannot explaine it better, than by telling you that I suffer as much as I love you: If you doubt it, my Dear, come to me, but come early, that I may be a long time with you, and that I may in some manner recompence my self for the absence I am going to suffer. Farewell my Dear, be assured of my passion, it is at least as great as yours.

Marsillac did not fail to be at the Assignation much sooner than ordinary; In accosting his Mistress he flung himself upon her Bed, and was thus a long time melting into tears, and all his words were interrupted by sobs. Madam *d' Olonne* for her part appeared no less concerned, but as she was desirous to receive other Marks of Love from her Galant than those of Grief; *How! my Dear*, said she to him, *you send me word a little while a go that my Grief would ease yours, and yet the affliction you see me in, does not render you the more capable of Comfort.* At these words *Marsillac* redoubled his sighs, without making her an answer, the dulness of his Soul had caused the same effect in his Body; and I fancy that this Lover deplored at that time more the absence of his Vigour, than that of his Mistress. However as young People recover easily, and he being of a good complexion,

he

he began to come to himself, and recovered his strength in a little time: Insomuch that Madam *d'Olonne* could hardly discover he had been so lately ill. After he had given her so many testimonies of his good health, she recommended to him to have care of it above all things, and told him that he should judge thereby of the Love he had for her. Thereupon they made a thousand Protestations of loving one another all their life-time; they agreed of the means of writing, and then took leave; the one to go to Court, the other to the Wells. Prince *Marsillac* went the next day to take his leave of Mademoiselle *Cornuelle*, his good Friend, he desired her to perswade his Mistress to be more circumspect in her Carriage than she had yet been. *Rely upon me for that*, said this young Lady to him, *she must be very incorrigible if I do not keep her within bounds.* Two dayes after Mademoiselle *Cornuelle* went to Madam *d'Olonnes*, and having prayed her to order her Porter to say she was gone out: *I am too much your friend, Madam*, said she to her, *not to speake franckly to you in all that concerns your Carriage and your Reputation; you are beautyfull, young, you are of Quality, you have Riches and will, you have infinitely*

Charmed a Prince who loves you extreamly: All this ought to render you happy, however you are not so; you know what Reports run of you, we have talked of them sometimes together, and this being so, you are mad you are not contented: I do not pretend to consider your weakenesses, I am a Woman as well as you, and I know by my self the want of our Sex: Your Manners are insupportable, you love pleasure Madam, and I allow them, but you take delight to set People a talking, and it is that I condemn you for; Can you not leave off your Extravagances? it is impossible but that you must be in a Rage, when you hear of the Reputation you have in the world, and Men conceal the love they have for you more out of Shame than Modesty. Well my Dear, said Madam *d' Olonne, do you here any thing new? does the World renew its Satyr's against me? No, Madam,* said Mademoiselle, *it does only continue them, because you still continue to give it new matters. I know not what I must do then,* replyed Madam *d' Olonne, all the Prudence that one can have in love, I fancyed I had; and that since I have been concerned in loving, I never fruitlesly delayed nor spun out any Intrigue, well knowing that the greatest Noise is usually made before the business is agreed on; and when Lovers*

not in Concert together. Pret hee tell me exactly my Dear, added she, what I must do to love well, and entertain a Gallantry, that shall do me no injury in the world, tho it should be suspected: For I am resolved to do my Devoir in the future with the utmost Regularity. There are so many things to say upon that point, said Mademoiselle *Cornuelle, that I should never have don, if I would neglect nothing, however I shall tell you the principal as succinctly as possible.*

First you must know Madam, that there are three sorts of Women who make love, The Debauchées, the Cocquets, and the honest Mistresses. Tho the first are abominable, they certainly deserve more compassion than hatred, because they are hurryed away by the force of their Temper, and that almost an impossible application is required to reforme Nature; however if in any encounter we ought to conquer our selves, it is in that, wherein no less is concerned than our honours or lives.

As for Cocquets, the number being much greater, I shall enlarge more upon that point: The difference between Debauchées, and them, is, that in the Ill the former commit, there is at least sincerity, and in what the Cocquets do there is Treachery: The Cocquets tell us to excuse

themselves when they give ear to the Courtship of all Comers, that how honest soever a Woman is, she never hates a person who tells her he loves her.

But one may answer them that distinctions are to be made: either that Love addresses himself to a Woman, who will be either honest for her self or for a Lover: allow that she cannot hate a Man for the Sentiments he had for her, yet this will not hinder her from being carefull of not having so much Complaisance for him as for another, who had never declared any thing to her, for fear she should thereby entertain his hopes, and that at length it might make a noise, and be injurious to the reputation she would preserve.

If the Woman be prepossessed that the Man declares love to her, she will have the same precautions as the other to hinder it from continuing; but if he persists, I maintain that she shall hate him as much as she shall love her true Gallant: it being natural to hate the Enemies of the person we love, because love will not allow love to be importunate, and because that a Lover well treated may suspect that a Passion that continues in his Rival, is at least nourished by some hopes; an honest

Mistress

Mistress considers his Rival as her mortal Enemy, who maks her run the risque of losing her Lover whom she loves more than her life. This being plain, you must likewise know that there are several sorts of Cocquets; some take a pride in being beloved by a great many People, without ever loving any of them, and do not perceive that it is the advances themselves make which invite men, and which retain them rather than merit. Besides as it is not possible they should dispose their Favours so equally, but that some one will seem better treated than others, and there being some who will not content themselves with equality, but pretend to preference; This gives jealousy to the Male-contents, and makes them say in quitting them, all, nay more than they know.

There are other Cocquets who manage several Lovers, that they may save the real one in the multitude, and cause it to be said, they have no amorous Intrigue, since they treat equally all those who visit them; but the best luck that can happen to them is to have the truth discovered; or at least, it is better than by believing they love no Body, every one fancies they love All.

There are others who by managing se-

veral Gallants would fain perſwade, that if they ſhould love any one of them, they ſhould hazard the vexing him, In the mean time they vex and loſe him by theſe means. For to imagine that it is in the abſence of their true Lover that they make love, he will know nothing of it; or if it is in his preſence, by acting in concert together, he will eaſily ſee that is nothing, ſince he is taken for a Witneſs of what is done, or at all hazards if he is troubled, their Careſſing him, and their Promiſes to do ſo no more, will oblige him to be ſatisfied. All this is very ſubject to caution, a Lover is not long deceived, and if he does not diſcover it to day, he will diſcover it to Morrow.

And crying 'tis well, adieu my Dear,
I find no longer pleaſure here.

And tho his Paſſion ſhould be ſo ſtrong, that he could not get rid of it, the reproaches and noiſe he would make, would occaſion more vexation to the Cocquet Miſtreſs than all thoſe managements could have procured her Pleaſure. There are Cocquets who fancy they have ſo ill a repute in the World, that they dare not be cruel and rigorous to any man, for fear it ſhould paſs for a Sacrifice to ſome other, and ne-

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ver think that it would be better for their Honour that they were convicted of Sacrifice: This is, Madam, the Course the Coquets take. I must let you see that of honest Mistresses.

As for them, they are either satisfied with their Lovers, or they are not: If they are not, they endeavour to reduce them to their Devoir by a tender and civil Carriage: If this cannot absolutely be, they break off without noise, upon a pretext of Devotion, or the Jealousie of a Husband, after having got from them, if they can, their Letters, and all that could Convict them: And above all things they so contrive it, that their Lovers do not fancy they abandom them for others.

If they are satisfied with their Lovers, they love them with all their hearts, they are continually telling it them, and they write them the kindest Letters they can: But as this does not prove their love, because Coquets say as much, or more every day, their Actions and their Carriage does sufficiently justifie the meaning of their Hearts, because there is only that infallible. We can indeed say, We love tho we do not, but we cannot seem kind to any one long without having an affection for him.

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An honeſt Miſtreſs is more afraid of giving Jealouſie to her Gallant than of Death; and when ſhe ſees him alarmed with any Suſpicion that the obſtinacy of his Rival might give him, ſhe does not content herſelf with the teſtimony of her Conſcience; ſhe redoubles her Cares and Careſſes for him, and her rigours for the other; ſhe does not defer the extreameſt Severity till another time, fancying ſhe could never be ſoon enough rid of an importunate Perſon. She knows that as many Moments as ſhe defers the chacing away this Rival, ſhe ſhould give as many ſtabs in his Heart ſhe is in love with. She knows that as ſoon as her Lover begins to have Suſpicions, the leaſt care ſhe ſhould take to remove them, would preſerve in him the eſteem and love he has for her; whereas if ſhe neglected to ſatisfie and cure him, he would come again to have ſo little Confidence in her, that ſhe ſhould not be able to recover his good Opinion, tho ſhe even offered him to loſe her Reputation for his ſake. She knows that a Lover would ever believe, that it would be the fear ſhe was in of him, had forced thoſe Sacrifices from her, that at another time he would have took for great Marks of love. She knows that in the Woman

man a Man confides in, all is excuſed, and that nothing is pardoned in her that is diſtruſted. She knows that at length a Man comes to be fatigued with the trouble a Miſtreſs gives him, and the reproaches that he has made her after having pardoned her a thouſand conſiderable Faults, that he breaks off upon a Trifle, the meaſures being plain, and he not able to ſuffer any longer ſo much vexation.

There are Women who love their Gallants extreamly, and yet make them jealous by their ill carriage, and this proceeds from their flattering themſelves too much with the aſſurance they have of their good intentions, and for that they do not ſufficiently quaſh the hopes of thoſe men, who make Court to them, or who only ſeem to love them by their Cares and their Aſſiduities; and they are ignorant that the Civilities of a Woman one loves, are ſuch Favours as all Lovers flatter themſelves with ſometimes, becauſe they have Merit; or often becauſe they think they have ſo: Sometimes becauſe they have no good Opinion of the Perſons they make their Addreſſes to; and who fancy that the reſiſtance that they make is only to ſet a greater value upon themſelves. Inſomuch, that if a Woman,

man, who has never given occaſion to be talked of, is ſtill very jealous of her Reputation, ſhe ought to take care, as I have already ſaid, not to entertain in any manner the hopes of all that has the Air of a Lover, and if it is a Woman who has not thitherto been careful enough of her Carriage, but deſigns to be ſo for the future, which is your caſe, Madam, it is requiſite that ſhe be more rude than another, and eſpecially that ſhe be impartial in her Severity, for the leaſt favour ſhe ſhall let herſelf looſe to, does more reingage a Lover than a thouſand Refuſals does diſguſt him.

An honeſt Miſtreſs has ſo much ſincerity for her Lover, that rather than fail to tell him things of conſequence, ſhe tells him even what are trifles: Well knowing, that if he came to be informed by other means of certain indifferent things, that are rendred Criminal at their being told again, it would have the worſt effect imaginable. She keeps no Meaſures with him in point of Confidence, ſhe tells him not only her own ſecrets, but even thoſe ſhe knew before, or what ſhe learns elſewhere every day. She calls thoſe people ridiculous, Who ſay, that being Miſtreſs of anothers Secrets, we ought not to tell it our Lovers: She anſwers

swers to that, that if they still love us, they will never say any thing of it: And if they happen to abandon us, we should have much more to lose than our Friends secret; but she fancies, we ought never to consider them, as such as will one day leave off loving us, and that otherwise we should be Fools to grant them Favours.

In a word, her Maxim is, That who gives her heart has nothing more to manage; she knows that there are only two Encounters that can dispence her from telling all to her Lover; the one if he was indiscreet, and the other if he had any Gallantry before hers. For it would be imprudence in her to speak to him in that case, at least without he pressed her extreamly, and then it would be he himself that occasioned his own Vexation.

Finally, an honest Mistress believes that what justifies her Love even with the most severe Men, is, when she is deeply smitten, when she takes pleasure in making it appear to her Lover, when she surprizes him by a thousand little favours, that he did not expect; when she has no reserve for him; when she applies herself to procure him esteem amongst all People; and that in a word, she makes of her Passion the great-

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eſt buſineſs of her Life: Without this, Madam, ſhe holds Love for a Debauche, and that it is a Brutal Commerce, and a Trade by which ruined Women ſubſiſt.

Mademoiſelle *de Cornuelle* having left off ſpeaking, Good God! ſaid Madam *d'Olonne*, what fine things have you now ſaid; but how difficult are they to be put in practice? I even find therein ſome injuſtice; for in a word, ſince we even deceive our Husbands, whom the Laws have made our Maſters, why ſhould our Gallants come off at a better rate? They whom nothing obliges us to love but the choice we make, and whom we take to ſerve us as long, and as little as we pleaſe. I did not ſay, anſwered Mademoiſelle *de Cornuelle*, that we ought not to abandon our Gallants, when they diſpleaſe us either by their own defects, or our wearineſs; but I have ſhown you the nice manner by which you ought to diſengage your ſelf from them, not to give them any reaſon to cry out upon you in the world: For in a word, Madam, ſince they have impoſed that tyranny upon the Honour of Ladies, not to love what they find lovely, we muſt comply with Cuſtome, and conceal our ſelves at leaſt when we will love. Well! my Dear, ſaid Madam *d'Olonne* to her, I

am

am going to act wonders, I am fully resolved of it, but withal I ground the greatest hopes of my Conduct upon avoiding Occasions.

Whether it be by avoiding, or resistance, said Mademoiselle *de Cornuelle*, it is no matter, provided your Lover be satisfied with you; and thereupon having exhorted her to remain firm in her good Intentions, she took her leave.

During Madam *d' Olonne*'s separation from *Marsillac*, they wrote to one another very often, but as there was nothing therein remarkable, I shall not mention their Letters, which spoke of their love, and of their impatience to see one another again, but in a very common manner. Madam *d' Olonne* was the first who returned to *Paris*; the Count *de Guiche* during the Progress to *Lyons*, perswaded *Monsieur*, the King's Brother, with whom he was much in favour, to have a Gallantry at his return to *Paris* with Madam *d' Olonne*, and had offered himself to serve him in it, and to procure him content in a short time. This Prince had promised the Count *de Guiche* to make the necessary Paces to engage that Cocquet, insomuch that in the Conversations he had with Madam *d' Olonne*, he only

ly ſpoke to her of the love that Prince had for her: He told her that he had declared it to him more than an hundred times upon the Journey, and that ſhe would certainly ſee him ſigh aſſoon as he was returned. A Woman who had Citizens and Gentlemen her Gallants, ſome handſome, others ugly, might well love a comely Prince. Madam *d' Olonne* received the Count *de Guiche*'s Propoſition with an unexpreſſible joy; and it was ſo great, that ſhe did not ſo much as make thoſe Excuſes which Coquets make in ſuch like Encounters. Another would have ſaid that ſhe would not love any one, but leſs a Prince than any man ſoever, becauſe he would not have ſo much application. Madam *d' Olonne*, who was the moſt natural Woman in the World, and the moſt paſſionate, kept no bounds of Modeſty, but anſwered the Count *de Guiche*, That ſhe eſteemed herſelf more than ſhe had yet done, ſince ſhe pleaſed ſo great and ſo rational a Prince. When the Court was returned to *Paris*, the Duke of *Orleans* did not anſwer the eagerneſſes, the Count had prepared Madam *d' Olonne* for, who delivered herſelf all entirely. All this produced nothing, and made her but the more know how indifferent ſhe was to that Prince.

Prince. The Count *de Guiche* seeing that the Duke of *Orleans* did not bite at the Hook, changed his Design, and was desirous at least that the Services he would have rendred to Madam *d' Olonne*, should be of some advantage to him. Whereupon he resolved to act the part of a Lover himself, and being the Commerce he had had with her upon the Amours of the Duke of *Orleans*, had made him very familiar, he did not balance to write to her this Letter.

'WE have laboured hitherto in vain, Madam, the Queen haters you, and 'the Duke of *Orleans* apprehends displeasing her, I have reason to be in despair, 'Madam, but you can comfort me if you 'please, and I do Conjure you to do it, 'since the natural sharpness of the Mother, 'and the weakness of the Son, have ruined 'our Projects, other Measures are to be taken. Let us love one another, Madam, it 'is already done on my part; and I easily 'perceive, that had the Duke of *Orleans* loved you, I should quickly have fallen out 'with him, because I should not have been 'able to have resisted the inclination I have 'for you. I do not question but that at 'first you will be shocked at the difference,

'but lay aside your Ambition, and you will
'not find your self so miserable as you ima-
'gine. I am certain that when Spight shall
'have cast you into my Arms, Love will
'there retain you.

Let People say what they will against Women, there is sometimes more imprudence than malice in their Conduct: Most of them no longer think, when they are courted, that they ought never to love: In the mean time they proceed further than they imagine, they do things sometimes, thinking they shall be always Cruel, which they extreamly repent of, when they are become more Humane. The same thing happened to Madam *d'Olonne*; she was stung to the quick that she had failed of the Prince's Heart, after having reckoned it amongst her Conquests; in seeking some one to apply herself to for the amusing her grief, she found nothing more likely to believe, than that the Count *de Guiche* for his own Interest had hindred him from loving her. Insomuch that as well to revenge herself of him, as to reassure *Marsillac*, whom this Intrigue had alarmed, she sacrificed to him the Count *de Guiche*'s Letter, without considering that Love would perhaps oblige

like her to do the same with those of *Marsillac*, and he whom Madam *d' Olonne* gave a thousand Favours to, made the use of them that is common, when one is satisfied with his Mistress, he rendred her a thousand thanks for her Sincerity, and contented himself with triumphing over his Rivals, without shewing any indiscreet Pride.

In the mean time the Count *de Guiche* not knowing the Destiny of his Letter, went the day after to Madam *d' Olonne*'s House; but so much Company was there that day, that he could not speak to her about business at that time. He only observed that she had eyed him very much, and from her House he went to acquaint *Fiesque* with the state of his Affairs, who since his return from *Lyons*, he had made his Confident; he went likewise to tell the same to *Vineuil*; and they both judged by the weakness of the Lady, and the Gentleness of the Spark, that his pursuit would neither be long nor in vain: And the truth is, Madam *d' Olonne* had found the Count *de Guiche* so handsome, and so much to her mind, that she repented the Sacrifice she had newly made to *Marsillac*. The day after the Count *de Guiche* returned to her House, and

having found her alone, he ſpoke to her of his Paſſion, the fair One was pleaſed, and received that Declaration the moſt agreeably imaginable; but after having agreed upon loving one another, as they were upon certain Conditions, People came in, which obliged the Count *de Guiche* to go out a Moment after.

Madam *d'Olonne* having diſingaged herſelf from her Company as ſoon as ſhe was able, took Coach, being deſirous to diſcover if the Counteſs *de Fieſque* took no Intereſt any longer in the Count *de Guiche*: She went to her, and after ſome Converſations upon other ſubjects, ſhe asked her advice in the Deſignes ſhe told her the Count *de Guiche* had for her. The Counteſs told her that ſhe was only to conſult her Heart in ſuch Occaſions: *My heart does not ſay to me much in favour of the Count*, replyed Madam *d'Olonne*, *and my Reaſon tells me a thouſand things againſt him: He is a Sport I can never love.* In ſaying theſe words, ſhe took leave of the Counteſs, without waiting for her Anſwer.

On the other ſide the Count *de Guiche* being returned to his Houſe, he met with *Vinevil*, who waited for him with great impatience to know what poſture his Affairs were

were in; the Count *de Guiche* told him something coldly, that he believed all was broaken off, consider ing how Madam *d'Olonne* treated him; and *Vineuil* desiring to know the particulars of the Conversation, the Count *de Guiche* not being willing to discover what passed, changed discourse every moment; this gave some suspicions to *Vineuil* who was cunning and in love with Madam *d'Olonne*, and only concerned himself in the affairs of the Count *de Guiche*, that he might prevail with his Mistress by the things he should have learnt. He went away seeing he could not make any discovery, and was for three days in mortal disquiets, not being able to learn the certainty of what he suspected, and what he would know. He went to *Fiesque*'s House with the Countenance of a disgraced Favourite, since he saw he had no longer any share in the Count *de Guiche*'s confidenc, he said nothing of it to that fair One, not to discredit himself in showing his Misfortune,

At three days end he went to the Count *de Guiche*'s House. *What have I done my Lord*, said he to him, *that obliges you to treat me thus? I easily perceive that you hide from me your intrigue with Madam* de O-

Olonne, *learn me the reason of it, or if you have none, continue to tell me what you know as you used to do. I ask your pardon my poor* Vinevil, said the Count *de Guiche* to him, *but Madam* d'Olonne *upon granting me enjoyment, exacted from me not to speak thereof to you nor to* Fiesque, *much less then to any others, because she said that you are malicious, and* Fiesque *jealous. How indiscreet soever a person is, there is no Intrigue but what's kept secret in the beginning, if there be no need of a Confident: This I have had experience of in this Occasion, for I am naturally enough inclined to tell an amorous adventure: And yet I have been three dayes without acquainting you with this, tho you know all my secrets; but have patience, my Dear, I am going to tell you all that passed between Madam* d'Olonne *and me, and by the exactest Relation in the World, in some manner require the offence done to the friendship I have for you.*

You know then that the first Visit made her, after having written to her the Letter you have seen, I did not find in her looks any aversion or kindness; and the Company that was at her house hindred me from having any further information. All that I could remarke was, that she observed me from time to time; but returning thither the day after, and having found her alone,

alone, I represented my love to her so well, and so eagerly pressed her to make returns to it, that she Confessed she loved me, and promised to give me marks thereof upon Condition I have newly told you. You know very well that I would promise her all in those moments; we heard a noise, insomuch that Madam *d'Olonne* bid me come again the next day dressed in Womens Cloathes, and as one who brought her Lace to sell; whereupon being returned to my House, I found you there, and you might easily perceive by the cold reception I made you, that all the World importuned me at that time, and particularly you, my Dear, whom I was more jealous of than any one; you likewise perceived it, and it was that which made you suspect I did not tell you all: when you was gone, I gave order that my Porter should say I was not at home, and prepared my self for my Mascarade of the Morrow: All the pleasure that imagination can give beforehand, I had for four and twenty hours together: The four or five last hours were more tedious than all the others; at length that which I expected with so much impatience, being come, I caused my self to be carryed to Madam *d'Olonne's* House. I found her

in a Cornet upon her Bed, in a Roſe Colour Undreſs. I cannot expreſs to you my Dear, how beautifull ſhe was that day, all that can be ſaid, comes ſhort of the Charms ſhe had: her Neck was half uncovered, ſhe had more Hair looſe than uſual, and all in rings and curles, her Eyes were more ſparkling than the Stars. Love and the colour of her Face animated her Complexion with the fineſt Vermillion in the World. *Well, my Dear, ſaid ſhe to me, are not you full of acknowledgment that I ſpare you the pains of ſighing a long time? do you find that I make you pay too dear for the Favours you receive? Tell me my Dear*, added ſhe, *but you are mute. Ah! Madam* anſwered I her, *I ſhould be inſenſible were I in cold Blood, ſeeing you in this poſture. But may I aſſure my ſelf, ſaid ſhe, that you have forgotten little* Beauvais *and the Counteſs of* Eſcluſque? *yes* ſaid I to her, *Madam, you may, and how ſhould I remember others*, added I, *ſince you may perceive I have almoſt forgot my ſelf? I only fear*, replyed ſhe, *the future; for for the preſent, my Dear, I am much miſtaken if I ſuffer you to think of any Body beſides my ſelf*; And in finiſhing theſe words ſhe took me about the Neck, and preſſing me you know how with her Arms, ſhe

pulled

pull'd me upon her; Both of us lying in a manner, we kiſſed ill one another a thouſand times: But not willing to ſtop there, and this ſeeking for ſomething more ſolid; but on my part in vain. We ought to know our ſelves, and what we are fit for: For my part I perceive I am no Womans man. It was impoſſible for me to come off with Honour, what effect ſoever my fancy made, and the Idea and the preſence of the moſt beautifull Object in the World. *What's the matter* ſaid ſhe to me, *My Lord, What ails you, What is it that puts you in ſo ſad a Condition? Is it my Perſon that diſguſts you, or do you only bring me the leavings of an other?* This Diſcourſe made me ſo aſhamed and out of Countenance, my Dear, that it quite deprived me of the forces I had left. *I beg of you, Madam*, ſaid I to her, *not to ruine a wretch with reproaches! Certainly I am bewitched.* In ſtead of giving me an anſwer ſhe called her Chamber-Maid, *Prethee pull me* Quentine *how do I look to day? am not I very ugly? Do not deceive your Lady, there is ſomething about me that does not ſit well?* Quentine not daring to anſwer ſeeing her in that rage, Madam d' *Olonne* ſnatching a looking-Glaſs from her ſhe held in her hands? After having made all the geſtures

ſhe

she used to do when she designed to Charm any one to judge if my insufficiency proceeded from her fault or mine. She got up and shaked her Petticoat that was something ruffled, and went in a fury into her Closet that stood by her Bed-side. For my part, I was like a Condemned Man, I asked my self if all that had passed was not a Dream, with all the reflections that one can make in such an Encounter; I went to *Manicamp* House, where having related to him all my adventure. *I am mightly obliged to you, my Dear* said he to me, *for certainly it was for the love of me that you were so insensible near so pretty a Woman. Tho perhaps you may be the Cause of it*, said I to him, *I did it not to oblige you; I love you extreamely, and I do confess it; but withall that I had forgot you in that occasion; I do not Comprehend so extraordinary an Obligation by quitting the habit of a Man: I had quitted you before, but that part is dead in me, by which I have been hitherto a kind of Chancellour.* As I had done speaking, one of my Servants brought me a Letter from Madam *d' Olonne* that one of hers had given him, here it is in my Pocket; in saying that the Count read this Letter to *Vimeuil*.

IF I was a lover of Venereal pleasures, I should lament my having been disappointed, but far from complaining; I am obliged to your insufficiency, it is the cause that in the expectation of delights you were not able to give me, I enjoyed others by imagination that lasted much longer than those you could have been capable of furnishing, tho you had been as well provided as an other Man. I send at present to know how you do, and if you were able to get out to your Lodgings: It is not without reason that I make this inquiry, for I never saw a Man under such sad Circumstances as you were when I left you. I Counsel you to settle your affairs with more natural heat than you had when I saw you; for you cannot live much longer. Really my Lord, you raise my pity, and what outrage soever I have received from you, I shall not forbear giving you good advice. Said Manicamp if you are wise, you may recover your health, if you leave off seeking him for some time, it is certainly from him that your impotence proceeds: for my part neither my Glass nor my looks belying me, I do not fear being either accused or reproached.

I had no sooner made an end of reading this Letter, than that I made her this answer.

I Confess, *Madam* I have had failings in my lifetime, for I am a man, and still young; but I never had a worse than that last Night. It is not to be excused *Madam*, and tho' your sentence be never so severe, it can be but what I have deserved: I have killed, I have betrayed, I have committed sacriledge; for all these Crimes you need only seek out punishments, if you please, my Death, I will bring you my sword; if you only condemn me to be whipt, I will come naked to you in my shirt; Remember *Madam*, that I failed in Power, not in Will; I was like a Brave Soldier who finds himself without Arms when he should engage: I should be extreamly puzzel'd *Madam*, to tell you from whence this prov'd; perhaps it happend to me as it does to those whose stomach is gone when they expect to eat most, perhaps the force of Imagination consumed the force of Nature. See what it is, *Madam*, to be so Charming. An Ordinary Beauty who should not have troubled the Course of nature, would have been better entertained. *Adieu*, *Madam*, I have nothing more to say to you, but that perhaps you would pardon me what is past, if you would give me the opportunity of doing better hereafter, to which purpose I only demand till to morrow at the same hour as yesterday.

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After having sent by one of my Footmen these fair promises to Madam *d' Olonne's* Lacquis, who waited for an answer at my House, I went home, and not doubting, but that my offers would be kindly received, I resolved to take all imaginable Care of my self: I bathed and was rubbed with Essences, I eat new laid Eggs and Artichoaks, and then drunk some Wine; I walked a while in my Chamber, and then went to bed without *Manicamp*. My Head was so full of the design of repairing my fault that I shun'd my Friends as I would have done the Plague. I got up the next day brisk both in Body and mind, I dined betimes, and eat what was Provocative, but as little as I had done at Supper; and having spent the Afternoon in preparing my little Equipages of Love, I went to Madam *d' Olonne's* House, at the same hour as the time before. I found her upon the same Bed, which made me immediately apprehend that it portended me some ill Fortune; but in a word, having encouraged my self as much as I could, I cast my self at her Knees. She was half undrest, and held a Fan she played with. So soon as she saw me she blusht a little, without doubt remembring the late affront she had received

and

and *Quentine* being retired, I placed my self by her upon the Bed. The first thing she did was to put her Fan before her Eyes, and that having rendred her as bold as if there had been a Wall between us both. *Ah! Well*, said she to me, *poor Paralitick, are you come here a compleat Man to day? Ah! Madam* answered I to her, *let us talk no more of what is past*: And thereupon thundering into her Arms, I kissed her a thousand times, and begged she would let me see her naked: after a little resistance that she made to augment my Desires, and to affect Modesty, which becomes a Woman so well, rather than out of any distrust she had of her self, she let me see all I had a mind to. I saw a curious, white, plump and the best proportioned Body in the world. After that I fell again to embracing her, we already made a noise with smacking and Bussing, our hands already clasped in one another, expressed the utmost tenderneses of love; already the mixture of our loves had made the union of our Bodies, when she perceived the sad pickle I was in. It was then that seeing I continued to outrage her, she thought of nothing but vengeance; she called me all manner of ill names, she there attended me

with

with the greateſt violence imaginable. For my part without making either Prayers or Complaints, knowing what I had deſerved, I went home in a fury and having put my ſelf to Bed, I turned all my choler againſt the cauſe of my Diſgrace.

Fury then ſeiz'd me, patience me forſook,
A Razor in my hand, enrag'd I took,
But my deſigne I found was all in vain,
Being the Author of my ſhameful pain.
All in a fright, and quite froze up with fear,
Some wrinckles of it only did appear.
And towards it's Center ſeem'd to crow'd, I thought,
And thus for refuge in my Belly ſought.

So that not being able to do any thing, the rage I was in made me talk to my ſelf much to this purpoſe. Ah! Traytor, what haſt thou to ſay, infamous part of my ſelf, and really ſhameful Member, for it would be very ridiculous to give thee an other name? Tell me, have I ever obliged thee to uſe me in this manner? and make me receive the cruelleſt Affronts in the World? to make me abuſe the favours that are done me? and being but two and twenty make me have the infirmities of old Age?

Age? while that Choler made me ſpeak thus.

My Eyes towards Heaven I then did ghaſtly turn,
My cruel Fate I did lament and mourn;
I ſaw that all reproaches were in vain
To talk to it, to rocks was to complain.

I ſpent the Night in mortal Agonies, knew not if I ought to write to Madam *d'Olonne*, or ſurpriſe her by an unexpected Viſit: at lenght after having been a long time conſidering, I choſe to do the laſt, at the hazard of finding an obſtacle to our pleaſures; but I was ſo happy as to find her alone, juſt as it grew dark. She had put her ſelf to Bed as ſoon as I was gone from her; At my Coming into her Chamber I told her, *Madam, I come either to dy at your feet, or give you ſatisfaction, I begg you would not be in a rage, I know what I have merited.*

Madam *d'Olonne*, who feared as much as I did ſuch an other miſchance as thoſe that had happned to me, took care not to daunt me with reproaches; on the contrary ſhe told me all that might re-eſtabliſh in me a good opinion of my ſelf which I had

had almoſt loſt; and faith, if I was enchanted, as I told her, two dayes before I broak the Charme, the third time you may imagine, added the Count *de Guiche*, that ſhe called me no ill names at parting, as ſhe had done the other times: This is the ſtate of our Intrigue, which I begg you would ſeem to be ignorant of: *Vineuil* having promiſed him he would, they parted, the Count *de Guiche* went to the Counteſs of *Fieſque*'s houſe, to whom amongſt other things he ſaid he had no thoughts of Madam *d' Olonne*.

This Gallant's Intrigue had not continued long with his new Miſtreſs when *Marſillac* diſcovered it, tho he had ſo little ſence, and ſhe had taken all imaginable care to deceive him; but jealouſy that ſerves in ſtead of cunning, made him diſcover in her leſs eagerneſs for him than was uſual. Inſomuch that having made her ſome Modeſt Complaints in the beginning, and afterwards more ſharp ones, ſeeing at length they did not at all reſtrain her, he reſolved to revenge himſelf at one blow, both of his Rival and his Miſtreſs. Whereupon he gave his friends, Madam *d' Olonne*'s Letters, and deſired them to ſhow 'em in all Companies. Mademoiſelle *d' Orleans* ha-

ted the Count *de Guiche* extreamly. He gave her the Letter the Count had written to his Miſtreſs, in which he had ſpoken ill of the Q[illegible]n and the Duke of *Orleans*. The firſt thing the Prince did was to ſhow the Duke of *Orleans* the Count *de Guiche*'s Letter, thinking to animate him ſo much the more againſt him, for that ſhe knew that Prince had had a great kindneſs for him: however that Prince was not in ſo great a paſſion as ſhe hoped he would have been, and contented himſelf with telling *Pequelan* that his Coſin was ungrateful that he had never given him reaſon to talk of him as he did, and that all the reſentment he ſhould have of it was, to have no longer the ſame eſteem for him he had had; but if the Queen knew after what manner he had talked of her, ſhe would not certainly have ſo much moderation as ſhe had. The Princeſs not being well pleaſed to ſee his Royall highneſs ſo favourable, to the Count *de Guiche*, reſolved to tell the Queen, and having acquainted one of her Confidents with her deſign, the Marſhal of *Grammont* came to hear of it. He went and beſeeched her not to ruine his ſon; ſhe promiſed him ſhe would not, and kept her word. This Princeſs was haughty and did not eaſily pardon

People,

People, who had not for her all the respect her illustrious Birth and extraordinary Merit obliged all the World to; but when she was once perswaded they loved her, nothing was so good natured as she.

While that the Marshall and his Friends were endeavouring to stifle the Noise that *Marsillac* had made with the Count *de Guiche*'s Letter, Madam *d'Olonne* was known to show this for the breaking of a Marriage that made *Marsillac*'s fortune.

You do not think, Madam of the constraint I am in, I am forced to go two or three times a Week to visit Mademoiselle *de Rochegayon*, to talk to her as if I loved her, and to this purpose must spend that time I ought only to employ in seeing, writing and thinking of you: and in what condition soever I may be, it would be a great trouble to me to be obliged to keep company with a Child: but now that I live only for your sake, you may very well imagine that it is to me the cruellest of Tortures: that which makes me take patience in some manner, is that I hope to revenge my self on her by marrying her without loving her, and after that seeing more clearly the difference there is between you and her I shall love you all my life time, yet

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more if it was possible than I do at present.

This at first surprized all the World: Thitherto indiscreet Gallants had only been found, and never Mistresses: They could not imagine that a Woman to revenge her self of a Man she no longer loved, would help one in that manner to convict herself. This indiscretion had not however the effect that Madam *d' Olonne* had promised herself: Monsieur *de Liancourt*, Mademoiselle *de la Rochegayon*'s Father, knowing that Madam *d' Olonne* was desirous to incense him against *Marsillac*, answered those who spoke to him of that Letter, That were it not for offending God, *Marsillac* could not do better than apply himself to gain the Heart of so beautyful a Lady as Madam *d' Olonne*, that this was not the first time that Wives were spoke ill of at Mistresses Bed-side: But as the passion Men had for her, was more violent than that they had for others, it did not usually last so long: As for example, that of *Marsillac* was not so fixed to Madam *d' Olonne*, and he still loved Mademoiselle *de la Rochegayon*. So that Madam *d' Olonne* did not spoil *Marsillac*'s Fortune, as she hoped to have done; and only confirming what he had said of her; she deprived her friends of the means of vindicating her.

Things

Things being in these termes and the Count *de Guiche* remaining Master in appearance, Madam *d' Olonne* went one Evening to the Countess of *Fiesque*, she prayed her to make her acknowledgments to the Abbot *Foucquett* for some service she pretended to have received from him, and to exaggerate very highly the obligation she had to him: But the Abbot being one of the principal Personages of this History, it is requisite to describe how he was made.

The Abbot *Foucquett*, the Treasurers Brother, was originally of *Anjou*, his Family were Gown-men till this Man made his Fortune, and then as Noble as the King. His Eyes were blew and lively, a handsome Nose, a great Forehead, a pointed Chin, the form of his Face was flat, his Hair was a bright brown, his shape was ordinary, and his meen base; his Conduct in the World was quite contrary to his profession, he was active ambitious, and haughty towards People; he did not love, but the most ardent and best Friend that ever was; he had engaged himself in an Amourous Intrigue more out of Pride than out of love; but afterwards Love became Master: The first Woman he had made love to was Madam *de Chevreuse*,

of the House of *Lorraine*, by whom he was entertained with a very great Passion, the other was Madam *de Chastillon*, who in the Favours she had granted him, had more considered her Intrests than her Pleasures: she being one of the most Beautyfull and extraordinary Women of *France*, it is Convenient to make here the Description of her Life.

The End.

LOVES EMPIRE;

Or, The

GALLANTRIES

Of the

FRENCH COURT.

The Second Part.

LONDON,

Printed for *Dorman Newman*.

1682.

LOVES EMPIRE, &c.

THE HISTORY OF Madam *de Chaſtillon.*

HER Grace, the Dutcheſs *de Chaſtillon*, Monſieur *de Bouteville*'s Daughter, who was Beheaded for having fought a Duel, contrary to the Edict

dicts of the late King, *Lewis* the Fourteenth's Father, Wife of *Gaſpard* Duke of *Chaſtillon*, had black and lively Eyes, a little Forehead, a handſome Noſe, a red Lip, and full Mouth, her Complexion was as ſhe thought fit, but ſhe had uſually white and red, ſhe was ſo Charming when ſhe ſmiled, that ſhe ſet all hearts on a flame; her Hair was very black, ſhe was tall, had a good Aire, but long, dry, and black hands, her Arms were flat, and of the ſame colour, which made People draw ill Concluſions of thoſe parts they did not ſee: She had a loft and agreeable Wit, was inſinuating and given to flattery, was faithleſs, intereſſed and uncapable of Friendſhip; and yet what Experience ſoever Men had had of her ill Qualities, when ſhe had a mind to Charm, it was impoſſible for them to forbear loving her; ſhe had ſome ways with her that were very tempting, and others that made her be deſpiſed by all People; for Money and Honours ſhe would have diſhonoured herſelf, and have ſacrificed Father, Mother, and Lovers.

Gaſpard d' Coligny, and ſince Duke of *Chaſtillon*, after the Death of the Marſhal his Father, and of his eldeſt Brother, fell in Love with Mademoiſelle *de Bouteville*;

and

and being the Prince of *Condé* fell likewise in love with her, *Coligny* desired him to break off his Amour, since his Highnesses design was only Gallantry, and he intended Marriage. The Prince being *Coligny*'s Relation and Friend, could not civilly refuse him his demand; and as his Passion was of a very fresh date, he did not find it difficult to get rid of it: He not only promised *Coligny* that he would think of her no more, but that he would serve him in this Affair against the Marshal his Father, and his Relations who opposed it; and indeed notwithstanding all the Orders of Parliament, and all the Obstacles that the Marshal his Father was able to raise against it, the Prince assisted *Coligny* so well, then of that Name, but since the death of his Father called *Chastillon*, that he made him carry away Mademoiselle *de Bouteville*, and lent him Twenty thousand Francks for his Maintenance. *Coligny* carried his Mistress to *Chasteau-Thierry*, where he Consummated the marriage: From thence they proceeded farther, and went to *Steny*, a Town of Safety, which the Prince, whom it belonged to, had given them, for their abode. Whether that *Coligny* did not find his Mistress so full of Charms as he had fancied in her, or that

Love

Love being satisfied, he had time to reflect on the ill Condition his Fortune was in, or that he feared he had given his Wife the Disease he had, he fell into a terrible Melancholy on the Morrow after his Marriage. And while he was at *Steny*, his Melancholy continued upon him to that degree, that he was as constant to the Woods as a Savage. Two or three days after he went to the Army, and his Wife into a Convent of the Religieuses, two Leagues from *Paris*. It was thither that *Roquelaure*, knowing the Necessity she was in, sent her a Thousand broad Pieces, and *Vineuil* two thousand Crowns, which Sums are still owing to them, tho the Dutchess is very rich, and that Money was employed to her own use.

Coligny being under Age when he married his Wife, it rendred his Marriage invalid, but being of Age at his Return, a Contract of Marriage was made in the *Hostel* of *Condé* before all the young Ladies Relations, and they were afterwards married in *Nostre Dame* by the Coadjutor of *Paris*. Sometime after Madam *de Chastillon* being indispos'd, went to the Wells, where she met with the Duke of *Nemours*, who fell in love with her.

The Duke of *Nemours* had very white Hair, a handſome Noſe, a little Mouth, and of a fine Colour, and was the prettieſt ſhape Man imaginable: The leaſt of his Actions was attended with an unexpreſſible Grace, his Humour was gay, wanton and toying, and his Will was admirable brisk and quaint. The liberty of ſeeing one another at all hours, which Cuſtom has introduced in Places where the Waters are taken, gave a thouſand opportunities to the Duke of *Nemours* of acquainting his Miſtreſs with his Paſſion: But knowing that an Amorous Intrigue was never better regulated, at leaſt with Ladies we have ſome eſteem for, than by making a Declaration by word of Mouth or by Writing: He reſolved to ſpeak; and being one day alone with her at her Lodgings, 'I have been above 'three weeks, Madam, ſaid he to her, con'ſidering whether I ſhould tell you the im'preſſion your Charms have made upon my 'heart; and when I determined at length 'to acquaint you with it, it is after having 'ſeen all the Difficulties that I can find in 'this Deſign: I do my ſelf Juſtice, Madam, 'and for that reaſon I ought not to enter'tain any hopes. Beſides, you have lately 'married a beloved Lover, and it is a diffi-

'cult

'cult Enterprize to remove him out of your 'heart, and to put my self in his place. 'However I love you, Madam, and tho you 'should not to be ungrateful, make use of 'that reason against me, I confess that it is 'my Star, and not my Choice that obliges 'me to love you.' Madam *de Chastillon* ne- 'ver had had so much joy as this Discourse 'gave her. 'Monsieur *de Nemours* appeared to her so lovely, that if it had been the Custom for Women to have made Declarations of Love first, she would not have deferred it so long as her Gallant did. But the fear of not seeming modest enough perplexed her so extreamly, that she was sometime without knowing what Answer to make. At length forcing herself to speak for the concealing the disorder that her silence made appear; 'You are in the right 'my Lord, said she to him, with all imagi- 'nable postures, to believe that I love my 'Husband very much; but give me leave to 'tell you, that you do your self wrong in 'being so Modest as you are: And if I was 'in a Condition to acknowledge the kind- 'ness you have for me, you would see that 'others esteem you more than you do your 'self. Ah! Madam, replyed the Duke of '*Nemours*, it is in your power, Madam, and

'only

'only in yours, to make me the moſt hap-'py and moſt eſteemed Man in *France*. He had hardly finiſhed theſe words, then that the Counteſs of *Maure* came into the Chamber, before whom it was requiſite to change Converſation, tho theſe two Lovers did not change their thoughts; Their diſtraction and diſorder made the Counteſs of *Maure* judge that their Intrigue was much more advanced than it really was, and for this reaſon ſhe was preparing to make a very ſhort Viſit, when the Duke of *Nemours* prevented her. The amorous and diſcreet Prince well knowing that he acted but an ill part before ſuch a ſharp-ſighted Woman as the Counteſs of *Maure* was, went out, and being got home, he wrote this Letter to his Miſtreſs.

I *Leave you, Madam, that I may be more with you then I was; the Counteſs of* Maure *obſerved me, and I durſt not look upon you; and ſhe being cunning, I was even afraid that my Affection would diſcover me; for in ſhort, Madam, it is ſo well known that People muſt eye you when they are in the ſame place, that thoſe that do not are ſuſpected of ſome Deſign. If I do not ſee you at preſent, Madam, at leaſt it is not perceived that I am in love, and I*

have the liberty of acquainting you only with it. How happy should I be, Madam, were I able to perswade you, to the point it is, and how unjust would you be in that case, Madam, if you had not some kindness for me.

Madam *de Chastillon* was very much perplexed at the receipt of this Letter; she knew not whether she had best be cruel or kind. Kindness might gain the heart of her Lover, and Severity his esteem, and both might disgust him. At length she resolved to do what was most difficult, as being most honest: And notwithstanding all that her heart inspired her with, she chose rather to follow the counsel of her Reason: Wherefore she made the Duke no Answer; and as he came on the Morrow into her Chamber, *Are you come again my Lord*, said she to him, *to commit some new Offence? because my humour and looks are easie and soft, you think there is no more to do than falling on: And if your esteem is only to be purchased by rudeness, set that value on it as to constrain my self for some time: Yes, my Lord, I shall be angry, and I perceive I must be so with you.* These last words were as a Thunder-clap fallen upon this poor Lover; tears came into his Eyes, and his tears spoke much better for him

then

than all he could have ſaid. After having been a moment without ſpeaking, 'I am 'infinitely grieved, Madam, anſwered he 'her, to ſee you thus in anger; and I wiſh 'I was dead ſince I have diſpleaſed you. You 'ſhall ſee, Madam, that in the Vengeance 'I am reſolved to take of the offence you 'have received, that your intereſts are much 'more dear to me than my own; I am going 'ſo far from you, Madam, that my Love 'ſhall no longer importune you. This is 'not what I require of you, interrupted 'that fair One, you may ſtill ſtay here, 'without diſpleaſing me. Cannot you ſee 'me without telling me you love me, or at 'leaſt without writing me it? No, no, Ma-'dam, replyed he, it is abſolutely impoſſi-'ble. Well then, my Lord, I conſent that 'you ſee me, replyed Madam *de Chaſtillon*; 'but obſerve well all that I do for you. Ah! 'Madam, interrupted the Duke, throwing 'himſelf at her feet, if I have adored you 'when you were ſo cruel, judge what I 'ſhall do when you are kind: Yes, Madam, 'be pleaſed to gueſs at it, for it is impoſſible 'for me to expreſs the ſenſe I have of it. This Converſation did not end as it began: Madam *de Chaſtillon* diſpenſed herſelf from keeping all the rigour ſhe had promiſed her-

ſelf, and if the Duke of *Nemours* had not great Favours, at leaſt he had hopes of being beloved. In confidence of this he was no ſooner got home, then that he wrote this Letter to his Miſtreſs.

AFter having told me, Madam, that you conſented I ſhould ſee you, ſince it was impoſſible for me to ſee you without telling you that I love you, or at leaſt without writing it, I ought to write to you in confidence that my Letter will not be ill received: However, I tremble, Madam, and Love that is never without fear of diſpleaſing, makes me imagine, that you may have changed your mind within theſe three hours: Do me the favour, Madam, to inform me by two Lines. If you knew with what ardour I deſire it, and with what tranſports of joy I ſhall receive it, you would not judge me unworthy of this Grace.

Madam *de Chaſtillon* had no ſooner received this Letter, then that ſhe made this Anſwer.

WHy ſhould I have changed my Mind, my Lord? but my God, how preſſing you are! Are not you ſatisfied with knowing your power, and muſt you needs triumph likewiſe over another's weakneſs?

The Duke of *Nemours* received this Let-

her with such a joy, as put him almost out of himself, he kissed it a thousand times, not being able to forbear reading of it. In the mean time the Passion of these two Lovers augmented every day; and Madam *de Chastillon*, who had already yielded up her heart, no longer defended the rest, but only to render it the more considerable by the difficulty. In short, the time of taking the Waters being passed, they were to part, and tho they both returned to *Paris*, they both imagined they should not see one another again with so much Conveniency as they had done at *Bourbon*: In the view of these Difficulties their Farewel was very moving! The Duke of *Nemours* assured his Mistress more by his tears that he should ever love her, than by the things he said to her; and the constraint that Madam *de Chastillon* used not to weep, had the same effect in her Lover. They parted very sad, but deeply perswaded that they would love one another passionately, & that they should ever do so. They seldom met the rest of the Autumn, because they were observed; but Letters passed often between them.

In the beginning of Winter, the Civil War which begun to break forth, obliged the King to leave *Paris* something surprize-

ingly, and retire to St. *Germains*. At that time, the Marshal, *Coligny*'s Father, happened to dye, and the Prince of *Conde*, who was then the Cardinal of *Mazarin*'s right Arm, obtained the Patent of Duke and Peer for his Cosin *de Coligny*. The Troops coming from all parts, the City was blocked up; the Court however did not seem very sad, and the Courtiers and Souldiers were over-joyed at the ill posture of Affairs; the Cardinal only, whom they might ruin, concealed part of them from the Queen, and all from the young King, whom when they talked to of War, it was only to acquaint him with the defeats of the Enemies, and the rest of the time they amused him in Plays that were sutable to his Age: Amongst other Persons with whom he loved to play, the Dutchess of *Chastillon* held the first rank; and hereupon *Benserade* made this Sonnet under her Husband's Name.

Chastillon keep your Charms
For another Lover,
Tho you stand with open Arms,
And keep a mighty Pother.
The King's too young to quench the Fires
Of such an eager Beauty.

How

How can such raging hot desires
Be still'd by Minority.

In these little Playes the Duke of *Nemours* did not lose his time, they ever furnished the Dutchess and him with occasions of giving one another testimonies of their love; and by the same degrees that the passion of these two Lovers augmented, their prudence did the Contrary: it was observed that at a Play called the *Bohemien* they placed themselves opposite to one another, and were always whispering, and that when one was blind-folded, the other stood so as to be caught; to the end that the hand in seeking to know who it was that was taken might have a pretext to feel every where: In short there was not one of these Plays but what furnished them with the means of tickling their amourous fancy.

The Duke of *Chastillon*, whom the knowledge of his Wife's humour obliged to observe her, saw something of an Intrigue between the Duke of *Nemours* and her; Glory more than Love made him receive this discovery with an extreame Impatience. He spoke of it to one of his best Friends, who sharing his grief as deeply as possible, went and told the Dutchess of it. *The*

service that I have devoted, said he, to the Family of his Grace your Husband, obliges me to come and give you an advice which is of Consequence. Beautyfull as you are, Madam, it is impossible but that you must have adorers, and as certainly your intentions being good, you have not so strict a raine over your own actions, most Women who envy you, and Men jealous of the Glory of the Duke your Husband, give an ill interpretation to all you do. My Lord your Husband, himself has perceived that your Conduct, which tho it were more imprudent than Criminal, does not faile however to do you an injury in the World, and trouble him: you know how haughty he is, Madam, and how much he would fear to be ridiculed upon that point: I give you notice of it, and humbly beseech you to take care; for if by relying too much upon the clearness of your Conscience, you should be too negligent of your Reputation, his Grace may come to such Violences against you, as would not leave you in a Condition to make appear to him your innocence. What you tell me, Sir, answered Madam *de Chastillon, ought not to surprize me; my Lord Duke began betimes to accustom me to his Caprichio's: On the day after our Wedding, he fell into so furious a jealousy of* Roquelaure, *who had helped him to carry me away, that he could not conceal it;*

and

and yet he could never have had leſs reaſon than as what he gave him; and now again I find that he renews his ſuſpicions, and yet I cannot divine of whom it is: All that I can ſay is, that I doubt whether his mind would be at reſt, tho I were in the Countrey and ſaw none but my Domeſticks. I ſhall not come to further particulars with you, Madam. I even know not whether my Lord Duke aimes at any one, when he tells me he is ſatisfied with you; but you may upon what I have told you take meaſures for your Conduct. And thereupon having taken leave of her, he left her under terrible diſquiets. She immediately gave notice of all this to the Duke of *Nemours*, and they reſolved together that they would conſtrain themſelves more than they had thitherto done.

In the mean time the Prince of *Condé*, was wholly taken up in Contriving how to reduce the People of *Paris* by Famine, to deliver the Parliament, that had promiſed a ſum to thoſe who would bring the Cardinals Head, fancyed that the taking of *Charenton* would much advance this Succeſs, which *Clanle* guarded with five or ſix hundred Men: he reaſſembled part of the Quarters, and with a thouſand Men, at the head of whom *Gaſton* of *France*, the

King's Unkle, and Lieutenant General of the Regency, would needs place himself, he came to Attack *Charenton* in three places. As the Retrenchments at the *Avenues* were but bad, it was not difficult for the King's Troops to force them. But the Duke of *Chastillon*, who commanded the Attack under the Prince was wounded in the belly with a Musket shot in the Burre[illegible], of which he dyed the Night after. The Prince regretted him extreamly, and his grief was so violent that it could not last. By what had passed you may judge that the Dutchesses Affliction was not very great, and you may judge it much better by what shall happen in the Sequel; however she wept, she tore her Hair, and made appear the Appearances of the greatest Despair imaginable, the Publick was so deceived, that this Sonnet was made upon his death.

Just as the Court the Honours did prepare
That Chastillon *had merited by his Arms,*
Death did deprive us of this Conqueror,
And snatch'd him from the midst of great Alarms.

How great was, fairest Dutchess, your Despair,
When you had lost all hopes of his return,

All

All must have wept who saw you tare your Hair,
Unless their Hearts with Love did ever burn.

To such a sad Estate, so Strange surprize
Never Alcionne, *nor* Artenise
Of Fate with so much reason could complain:
You sigh, you weep, but all's, alas in vain.

The Duke of *Nemours*, who was better informed than the rest of the World, was not astonished at Madam *de Chastillon*'s affliction: He timed his business so well, that the excess of grief had altered in that poor despairing fair One, and was so earnest with her to grant him Enjoyment, that the fear she had had of her Husband, had hindred her from allowing him during his life, that she made an Assignation with him on the day of his Burial. *Bordeaux*, one of her Women, who fancied that the Duke's death would ruin the Fortune of *Rieoux*, who sought her in Marriage, was under a real Affliction; insomuch that when she saw the Duke of *Nemours* upon the point of receiving the least Favours from her Mistress, on a day that the most dissolute constrain themselves, the horrour of this action redoubled her grief, and without going out of the Chamber, she disturbed the plea-

sure

ſure of thoſe Lovers by her ſighs and by her tears. The Duke well-ſeeing that if he did not appeaſe this Woman, he ſhould not have for the future in his Amour all the ſweetneſs that he wiſhed for, took care to comfort her, at his going out, and told her that he was ſenſible of the loſs ſhe had of the Duke; but that he would be a Friend to her, and take care of her Fortune as the deceaſed had done; and that ſhe ſhould find as much good will in him as ſhe had done in the other, and perhaps more power; and that till he could do ſomething conſiderable for her, he deſired her to receive Four thouſand Crowns that he would ſend her on the morrow. Theſe words had ſo much virtue that *Bordeaux* wiped away her tears, and promiſed the Duke to entereſſe herſelf for him as long as ſhe lived; and told him that her Miſtreſs had all the reaſon in the World not to ſpare any thing for the giving him marks of her Love. On the Morrow *Bordeaux* had the Four thouſand Crowns which the Duke had promiſed her, and ſince that time ſhe ſerved him preferably to all thoſe who would not give her ſo much.

The Peace being made, in the beginning of the Spring, the Court returned to *Paris*. The Prince, who had newly freed the

Car-

Cardinal out of a dangerous business, sold him his Services at a very dear rate, that he had done him in that War. The Cardinal was not only unable to perform what he daily demanded of him; but was not able to support the Insolence with which he demanded Favours: The Government of *Pont de Larche*, that the Prince had forced from him for his Brother in Law the Duke of *Longueville*, contrary to the intention of the Court, and the boldness with which he had exacted from the Queen that she should see *Gersé*, after the confidence he had had to write an Amorous Ticket to her Majesty, made the Cardinal at length resolve to free himself from the tyranny he was under; under pretext of revenging the Contempt that was had of the Royal Authority, he communicated this Design to the Duke of *Orleans*, who remembred his Exempt's broken Staff by the Prince, and who for that and the jealousie of his great Merit, had reasons to hate him; and the Cardinal letting him know that *Riviere*, who governed him, was the Prince's Pensioner, he made him give his word that he would conceal the Affair from his Favourite. The Prince of *Condé*, the Prince of *Conty*, and the Duke of *Longueville* their Brother in Law, were took

took into Custody in the Palace where the King then lodged: In the mean time Monsieur *Thurenne*, who for the Engagements he had with the Prince of *Condé*, had reason to fear being taken, and who besides was enraged against the Court for the Principality of *Sedan*, which his Family was deprived of, withdrew to *Stbney*, where Madam *de Longueville* arrived presently after, and the Prince's Officers cast themselves into *Bellegarde*; Madam *de Chastillon* applyed herself to the Princess Dowager, and engaged the Duke of *Nemours* her Lover in her Interests.

Sometime after that the Princes were in Prison. The Princess Dowager had leave to go stay at her Cosins Madam *de Chastillon*'s. A Priest called *Cambiac*, who had introduced himself to Madam *de Bouteville*'s, by the means of Madam *Brienne*, was sent to Madam *de Chastillon* by her Mother; he had not been there long, but that he governed her, insomuch that he interposed between her and the Duke of *Nemours*. This Commerce giving him occasion of having great Familiarities with Madam *de Chastillon*, he fell in love with her, and to that degree, as to faint away as he was saying Mass. The Princess Dowager falling into that fit of Sick-

Sickneſs, which ſhe died of, *Cambiac*, who had acquired great Credit with her, employed it in favour of Madam *de Chaſtillon*: He procured her a hundred thouſand Crowns worth of Jewels, and the Lordſhip of *Marlou* for her life, which was worth two thouſand pounds a year. The Duke of *Nemours*, whom the cares of *Cambiac* for Madam *de Chaſtillon* had ſomething alarm'd, was quite jealous at the News of the Princeſſes Will. He did not believe that it was eaſie to reſiſt ſuch conſiderable Service; and though he could not blame his Miſtreſs for having received them, he was enraged that ſhe was obliged for them to a Man whom he conſidered as his Rival. And he was not miſtaken; for what *Cambiac* had done had coſt that fair One Favours; for though ſhe loved the Duke of *Nemours* beſt, ſhe loved Riches beſt of all. However, as ſhe had no longer occaſion for *Cambiac* after the Princeſſes death, it was not difficult for her to ſet her Lovers mind at reſt, by turning off that poor Prieſt.

The Coadjutour of *Paris*, and Madam *de Chevreuſe*, who had been in the Plot of ſeizing the Princeſs, finding that the Cardinal became too inſolent, cauſed the Duke of *Orleans* to take it into conſideration, and repreſented

presented to him that if he contributed to the Liberty of the Princess, he would not only be reconciled with them, but would engage them altogether in his Interests, besides the design of weakning the Cardinal's Authority, which gave ombrage to the Party called *la Fronde*, every one had still his particular Interest. Madam *de Chevreuse* would have had the Prince of *Conty*, for whom the Court had demanded a Cardinals Cap at *Rome*, to have married her Daughter; and the Coadjutour would be subrogated to the nomination of the Prince. It was upon this promise that the Princess of *Condé* and *Conty* gave under their hands to Madam *de Chevreuse*, that she and the Coadjutour endeavoured to free them out of Prison. The thing having succeeded as they had projected; and the Cardinal himself having been constrained to leave *France*, the Prince had no moderation in his new Prosperity, and this obliged the Court to entertain new Designes upon his Person. He withdrew immediately to his House at *Saint Maure*, and sometime after to *Marrond*, and from thence to his Government of *Guyenne*. The Duke of *Nemours* followed him, and Madam *de Longueville*, who was with her Brother, being taken with his

Merit,

Merit, had ſo much Complaiſance for him, that this Prince, tho very much in love elſewhere, could not reſiſt her; but yielded through the weakneſs of the Fleſh, rather than the inclination of the heart. The Duke of *Rochefoucault*, who had been for three years the beloved Gallant of Madam *de Longueville*, ſaw the Infidelity of his Miſtreſs with all the rage that can be had in ſuch like Occaſions. But ſhe being full of a great Paſſion for the Duke of *Nemours*, was not at all careful to pleaſe her ancient Lover. The firſt time that ſhe ſaw the Duke of *Nemours* in private, ſhe asked him in the moſt paſſionate moment of the Aſſignation, what had paſſed between him and Madam *de Chaſtillon*: The Duke having anſwered her that he had not had any Favour: *Ah! I am undone*, ſaid ſhe to him, *ſince in the Poſture we are in at preſent, you have the power to conceal the truth.* This Commerce did not laſt long, and the Duke of *Nemours* not being able to force himſelf to pretend love where he had none; and you may imagine that the Princeſs, who was naſty, and had an ill ſmell with her, could not conceal her ill Qualities from a Man, who was infinitely in love elſewhere. Theſe Diſguſts did likewiſe further the Journey that the Duke of *Nemours*

mours was to make into *Flanders*, to bring Succour of Strangers to the Princes Party. But the real cause of his impatience was, to see Madam *de Chastillon* again, whom he ever loved more than his life; whereupon he passed through *Paris*, where he saw her again, and put her into that wretched Condition that may be called the Shipwrack of Widows. When she perceived her misfortune, she sought for the means to be freed from it. *Des Fougerets*, a famous Physician, undertook this Cure, and while he had her in hand, the Prince of *Condé*, returned from *Guyenne* to *Paris*, and brought *la Rochefoucault* with him.

The Prince had lively Eyes, a Hawks and sharp Nose, hollow lean Cheeks, a long Face, and the Physiognomy of an Eagle, frizled Hair, his Teeth were ill set and nasty, a careless Aire, had but little care of his Person, but was well shaped; his Wit had a great deal of flame, but was not exact, he laughed much and disagreably, his *Genius* was admirable for War, and particularly for Battails. On the day of Battail he was mild to Friends, and fierce to Enemies: He had an unparallel'd neatness of Wit, force of Judgment, and easiness of Expression; he was Roguishly inclined, but had

Faith and Probity in great Occasions: He was naturally insolent and without regard, but Adversity had taught him how to live. This Prince finding himself disposed to fall in love with the Dutchess, *La Rochefoucault* helped still to inflame him by the great desire he had of being revenged on the Duke of *Nemours*. *Rochfoucault* perswaded him to give her the Propriety of *Marsac*, which she had only the usu-fruit of, telling him that Madam *de Chastillon* was younger than he, and that this Present would only injure his Posterity; and that a Lordship of two thousand pounds a year, more or less, would neither render him richer nor poorer.

When the Prince fell in love with Madam *de Chastillon*, she was in the hands of *Des Fougorests*, who made use of Vomits to free her of those ill Circumstances. The Prince, who was continually at her Bedside, asked her what her Sickness was; she told him that she believed she was poysoned. This Lover being extreamly grieved to see his Mistress in danger of her life, told the Apothecary, who served her, that he should cause him to be hanged: This poor man not daring to justifie himself, went and told *Bordeaux*, who was married to *Ricoux*,

that if he was pressed too much, he would tell all. In short, the Remedies had the effect that they had promised themselves: And shortly after this Cure, the Prince having given her *Marlou*, Madam *de Chastillon* was not ungrateful, but she only gave him the usufruit of what the Duke of *Nemours* had the Propriety. However, *Rochefoucault* took full Vengeance of the Duke of *Nemours*, and gave him displeasures by so much the more cutting, that he had not the power to cure himself of his Passion, as *Rochefoucault* had done of that he had had for Madam *de Longueville*. Besides *Rochefoucault*, *Vineuil* was likewise the Prince's Confident, who in serving him with his Mistress, endeavoured likewise to be beloved himself. *Vineuil* was the President *d'Ardiers* Brother, of a pretty good Family in *Paris*, had a pleasing Face, much Learning, and was a well-bred man: His Humour was pleasant and Satyrical, tho very fearful; this had often brought him into trouble; he was undertaking with Women, and that made him almost always successful, he had had an Intrigue with Madam *de Monbazon*, Madam *de Movy*, and likewise with the Princess of *Wittembergh*: And this last Gallantry had so embroiled him, with the late

late Duke of *Chastillon*, that without the Prince's protection he would have suffered some Violences, and *Chastillons* hatred for him, had sufficiently disposed his Wife to love him. But let us leave *Vinevil* for some-time, and return to the Duke of *Nemours*.

His Jealousie so transported him, that having one day found the Prince at Madam *de Chastillon's* whispering with her, he all scratched his handswithout perceiving what he did; and it was one of his Servants who made him take notice of the Condition he had put himself in. At length, not being able to suffer the Prince's Visits to his Mistress, he desired her to go for some time to her Country House. She loving him extreamly, and not thinking that a short absence would cool the Prince's Passion, granted him his request; and likewise promised him to turn off *Bordeaux*, who had quitted his Interests for to be for those of his Rival. Madam *de Chastillon* was not long in the Country; and at her Return, the Duke of *Nemours* was jealous to that degree, that he was twenty times upon the point of causing the Prince to draw; and he would at length have been overcome with this Temptation, had it not been for the Duel he fought with

his Brother in Law, in which he lost his Life.

Madam *de Chastillon*, who of twenty Lovers she had favoured in her life time, had never loved any so much as the Duke of *Nemours*, was really grieved for his death. One of her Friends, who brought her the News of it, told her at the same time, that it was requisite that she should get out of one of Monsieur *de Nemours* his *Valet de Chamber's* hands, a Cabinet full of her Letters. She sent for him, and upon the promise she made him of giving him five hundred Crowns, she got the Cabinet from him, but the poor Fellow could never get any of the Money.

As for the Prince, what obligation soever he had to the Duke of *Nemours*, jealousie had so disunited them, that he was very glad of his death. Glory as well as Love had caused so much Emulation between them, that they could not bear with one another; and this is so true, that if the Prince had had a mind to have taken all the Precautions necessary to hinder the Duke of *Nemours* from fighting, he might have prevented the Duel. One thing more which made appear that there was more of Glory than of Love in the Prince's Heart, was that

a moment after the death of his Rival, he hardly loved Madam *de Chastillon* any longer, and contented himself with keeping measures of Civility with her, to make use of her upon occasion, and when he should think convenient.

And indeed at that time, the Cardinal thinking that she governed the Prince, sent the Great Provost of *France* to her, to offer her from him an hundred thousand Crowns ready Money, and the Place of Superintendant of the future Queens Family, in case she would oblige the Prince to grant the Articles he desired, and abandon the Count of *Oignon*, the Duke of *Rochefoucault*, and President *Viole*. During the Negotiation of the Grand Provost, an Officer of the Guards, called *Mouchette*, negotiated likewise on the Queens part with Madam *de Chastillon*; but she, seeing that she could not perswade the Prince to do the things that the Count desired, sent the Queen word that she counselled her to grant the Prince all that he should desire of her, and that afterwards her Majesty would know well enough how to deal with a Subject, who taking advantage of the disorder of the Affairs of his Master, had forced from her shameful Conditions, and such as were

prejudicial to her Authority.

At that time, the Abbot *Fouquett* having been taken by the Enemies, was brought to the Palace of *Condé*; he had a very sharp Converſation with the Prince, but on the morrow things began to cool, and ſome days after the Treaty of Peace was renewed with him. As he was a Priſoner upon parol, and that he went every where he had a mind to, he made ſome Viſits to Madam *de Chaſtillon*, believing that nothing could be done with the Prince but by her interpoſition; and it was in thoſe Viſits that he fell in love with her.

Vinevil governed then Madam *de Chaſtillon* pretty peaceably; *Cambiac* was retired ſince that the Prince was in love, and that the Duke of *Nemours* was dead, and this had very much diminiſhed the Prince's Paſſion; inſomuch that ſome days after having been conſtrained to retire into *Flanders* by the accommodation of *Paris*, he was upon the point of departing without taking leave of Madam *de Chaſtillon*, and when at length he went to ſee her, he was but a moment with her.

The King being returned to *Paris*, the Abbot *Fouquett* fancied that if Madam *de Chaſtillon* ſtayed there, he ſhould have Rivals upon

upon his back, who might be preferred before him; insomuch that he perswaded the Cardinal to send her away, saying that she would every day set on foot a thousand Intrigues against the Interests of the Court, which she could not do elsewhere; and this obliged the Cardinal to send her to *Marlou*: The Abbot *Foucquet* went thither as often as he could; but there were in her neighbourhood two men who made her yet more frequent Visits; The one was my Lord *Crofts* an Englishman who had hired a House near *Marlou*, where he usually kept his Equipage, and where he came to ly sometimes, and the other was *Digby* Earl of *Bristol*, Governour of the *Isle of Man*: These two Noble men fell in love with the Dutchess; *Crofts* was a peacable Man and addicted to Pleasures, and *Bristol* was haughtly, brave and full of ambition.

When that *Cambiac* had seen the Prince go out of *France*, he had made his applications to Madam *de Chastillon*; insomuch that he stayed with her at *Marlou*; and as he was not so much afraid of the Abbot *Foucquet* or of *Bristol*, as of the Prince, he freely told Madam *de Chastillon* his Sentiments of her carriage with all her Lovers. She, not being willing to be contradicted

in her new designs, and particularly by a Party concerned, took his Remonstrances very ill; insomuch that things growing daily worse and worse between them, *Cambiac* at length retired grumbling, and as a Man that ought to be feared. Sometime after he wrote a Letter without a Name, and with a forged Hand, in which he gave her notice of the ill they talked of her in the World. She suspected however that this Letter came from him, because he sent her word of things, that no body but she could know of. At length Madam *de Chastillon* learning from several parts that *Cambiac* railed against her, she desired madam *Pisieux*, whom she was very well acquainted with, and who had a power over him, to withdraw some Letters of Consequence that he had of hers, which Madam *de Pisieux* promised her to do, and at the same time sent word to *Cambiac* to come to her at her House at *Marins* near *Pontoise*. It is to be observed that since that *Cambiac* was gone from Madam *de Chastillon*, she had made a thousand Complaints against him to my Lord *Digby*. This Lover, who only thought of pleasing his Mistress, and who ruined himself in expences for her sake, did not stick at

pro-

promiſing her a Vengance that ſhould coſt him nothing, and wherein he would find his particular intereſt: He took the time that *Cambiac* being at *Marine*, was one day on Horſeback to go abroad, and having ſeized him with five or ſix Troopers, he ſent him to *Marlou*. Madam *de Chaſtillon* knowing that Lovers that had been well treated ought never to be offended by halves; was much perplexed at the manner that *Cambiac* was now uſed, and perceived that no Body would be ſuſpected but her; ſhe was very ill ſatisfied with *Digby*, and would have ſooner pardoned him the Death of *Cambiac* than the ſeizing him after this manner: But in ſhort, not being able to undo what was done. *I am extreamly grieved*, ſaid ſhe to him, *at what has now happened to you, I perceive that the Impertinent who has done you this Affront, would make you ſuſpect me, by ſending you to my Houſe; but you ſhall ſee by the reſentment I ſhall have of it, that I have no ſhare in this Violence; In the mean time, Sir, if you have a mind to ſtay here, you are Maſter; if you think fit to return to* Marine, *you ſhall have my Coach, you need only Command it. I know, Madam*, anſwered *Cambiac* to her coolly, *what I ought to think of all this; I give you*

thanks

thanks for the offers you make me; I shall return on Horseback if you think fit: God, who will defend me from the attempts of the wicked, will have care of me to the end. And having spoke these words he went away in a pett, and returned alone to *Marine.* He was no sooner arrived there than that he and Madam *de Pisieux* wrote these two Letters to one of their Friends at *Paris*.

A Letter from *Cambiac* to Monsieur *de Brienne.*

YOu will be much surprized when you shall have learnt the adventure that has happened to me; but to tell you the occasion of it, I must acquaint you with several particulars that happened before, as that Madam de Chastillon *sent hither to oblige Madam* de Pisieux *to come to her House, in order to the obtaining of [illegible] certain things she was desirous having. Madam* de Pisieux, *as you know, wrote to me; and you likewise know that I undertook the journey the same day that I arrived; Madam* de Chastillon *sent* la Fleur, *to know if I was here, and on the Morrow a Man unknown under false Colours, came to ask me, and know if I would return speedily to* Paris. *Yesterday I departed from hence at four a Clock; being an hundred Paces*

from

from Pontois, *after having passed the River, I was invested by six Horsmen, with their Swords in their hands, at the head of whom was my Lord* Digby. *He told me immediately, that if Madam* de Chastillon *would have done me justice, she should have caused me to receive a hundred stabs, but that I should fear Nothing. I shall tell you without any Bravado, that I acted very briskly in this encounter, and that I did nothing in this Affaire that was unworthy; he used me very civilly, and after having dined, he conducted me himself to the foot of* Marlou, *and then sent me with four Horsmen to make satisfaction to that worthy person; she seemed to be displeased at this accident, and was really so at the haughtiness with which I spoke to her, which made her comprehend that it was the worst thing she had ever done. I returned to* Marine, *to tell Madam* de Pisieux *the treachery that Madam* de Chastillon *had done her as well as me. She has all the resentment that a person of her Quality, Honour and Courage ought to have. You see this is something an extraordinary accident, I conjure you let me know your opinion of it, and what course you think I ought to take; you perceive I suppose that I ought not to rest satisfied, since that this base person has written to Madam* de Pisieux, *to conjure her to obtain of me*

to

to ſtifle my reſentment, by aſſuring me that ſhe knew nothing of all this. The anſwer that has been made her, is worthy of the generoſity of Madam de Piſieux. *I am reſolved to ſtay three or four days here, to have leizure to think of what I have to do, and to hinder my ſelf from attempting any thing that I may repent of. Beſides, to vent One's ſelf in Complaints, is but a feeble revenge, and I have a deſign to do otherwiſe if I can. I impatiently long to hear from you, and am wholly yours. A Letter does not permit me to give you a very particular account; I ſhall do it when I ſee you. Farewel.*

July the 18th,
1655.

Madam *de Piſieux's* Letter to Monſieur *de Brienne.*

I Have too great a ſhare in the Adventure of Monſieur de Cambiac, *not to add one word of my Hand to the Relation he has given you by his; there is not a Circumſtance but what is ſurprizing, and the beſt that can be thought of me in this occaſion is, That they have had but little Conſideration for me; for according to all appearances, I ought to have a ſhare in ſo worthy an Action: The truth is, that the offended*

ſended juſtifies me ſufficiently, ſince he retired into the ſame place where the Snare was laid for him. All my ſtudy is at preſent ſo to carry my ſelf, that I may not be tranſported with a juſt Anger, which I ſhall entertain all my life time, to make appear that I was a Friend ſufficiently uſeful to Madam de Chaſtillon. *You know my Name and my Courage, I have ever ſpoke to you with ſincerity enough; I moreover add, that I make profeſſion of a very auſtere Chriſtianity, and that I deſign to ſerve my God and my Maſter without Art and without Deceipt. Theſe Foundations laid, I ſhall not be wanting in any thing that Reſentment and Juſtice can permit me. Oblige me with imparting this to Monſieur* de Aubigny, *and to no others: This will be no ill Entertainment for the Princeſs* Palatine, *which I give you leave to tell it ſo. I do not believe that* Cambiac's *Crime of returning to his Duty, by the means of the Biſhop of* Amiens, *nor mine for having concealed him, were great enough to occaſion ſo ill an Accident. I ſhall come on purpoſe to* Paris *to diſcourſe my Friends in particular, and you in the firſt place. I cannot hold in this little word of Revenge, Madam* de Chaſtillon *is not forgotten when an occaſion is offered to ſpeak of her: I wiſh you happineſs, I am too angry to have any to day.*

In

In a short time after these two Letters were sent, *Cambiac* returned to *Paris*, and no longer kept any measures with Madam *de Chastillon*; he railed at her in all Companies, and that he might fully glut his Vengeance, he showed the Queen all the most extravagantly passionate Letters of Madam *de Chastillon*, the modesty of the History does not permit them to be repeated; but by the most civil Fragment we follow, the rest may be judged of.

In several parts she let *Cambiac* know, that he might talk of her as he pleased, but that it was more generous in him to speak well of her than otherwise; that when a Woman lay at the mercy of People, as she did at his, they might make an ill use of the opportunity; and that what a poor Woman had to do in those Encounters, was to suffer and to be silent. In another place she let him know, that notwithstanding all she did, she still loved him, and that though she was preparing to make a general Confession at *Easter*, there was nothing therein which concerned him.

The Queen was much surprized at Madam *de Chastillon*'s Extravagancy in her Letter, however she was not sorry at the contempt it brought upon her; and when that she

she had learnt the Insult that had been done to *Cambiac*, she made a great noise of it, and said publickly, That since People were so ill treated, who returned to do their duty, the King would know how to do them justice.

When my Lord *Digby* came to see Madam *de Chastillon*, after what had been done to *Cambiac*, he was astonished that he only received reproaches from her, instead of the thanks that he expected. *When I let you know*, said he to him, *my being displeased with* Cambiac, *it was not meant that you should use him as you did: And it is easie to see that in this fine Action you considered your self more than you did me; but I shall now be careful of my Interests, and neglect yours.* *Digby* would have excused himself upon his Intentions, that had been good, and seeing that notwithstanding all that he said to her she was not pacified, he likewise fell into a pet; and Madam *de Chastillan* fearing by losing him to lose a Protector and a Lover, soothed him up, and desired him to consider at another time, that he ought to ruin quite, or dissemble Injuries with such people as *Cambiac*.

While

While that *Digby* began to fall in love with Madam *de Chaſtillon*, my Lord *Croſts*, who in the time the Diſorders of *England*, had followed *Charles* into *France*, had taken a Houſe in the Neighbourhood of *Marlou*; and leiſure, conveniency, and the inſinuating ways of Madam *de Chaſtillon*, had inflamed this Lord's heart with love; but as he was of a milder diſpoſition than the Earl, his Paſſion had not made ſuch progreſs as the Earl of *Briſtol*'s.

Things were in theſe terms, when that the Abbot *Foucquett*, ſeeing that his Affairs did not advance with Madam *de Chaſtillon*, made uſe of this Stratagem to haſtem them: He had learnt that *Ricoux*, Brother in Law to one of Madam *de Chaſtillon*'s Women, was concealed in *Paris*, where he had Correſpondence with them for the Prince's Intereſts; he ſent ſo many People in queſt of *Ricoux*, that he was taken and carried to the *Baſtille*. The Abbot *Foucquett* having cauſed him to be examined, he accuſed Madam *de Chaſtillon* of ſeveral things; and amongſt others, of having promiſed him ten thouſand Crowns to kill the Cardinal, and ſaid that ſhe had already given him two thouſand beforehand upon that account. The Abbot *Foucquett* ſuppreſſed theſe Informations,

formations, and caused others to be given, by which *Riceux* still confessed that he was at *Paris* with design to kill the Cardinal; but did not accuse the Dutchess of having any hand in this Conspiracy: And all that he said against her was, That she kept Correspondence with the Prince, and received a Pension of Four thousand Crowns from the Spaniards. He shewed these last Informations to the Cardinal, and the first to Madam *de Chastillon*, by which having, as may be imagined, extreamly terrified her, He told her he would save her, if out of acknowledgment she would give him the least marks of Love: Madam *de Chastillon*, who feared death more then all things, did not kick to satisfie the Abbot *Foucquett*, but resisted just as long as was necessary to make him value this last Favour. The Abbot *Foucquett* his whole thoughts were now, how to love his Mistress; and to that end he caused her to leave *Marlou* one night, and carried her into *Normandy*, where he made her change her Abode every day, disguised sometimes like a Gentleman, sometimes like a Religious, and sometimes like a Fryer. This lasted six Weeks, during which the Abbot *Foucquet* went and came from Court to the place where Madam *de Chastil-*

lon was: At length he procured her an Amnesty, when *Riconx* had been Executed, and caused her to return to *Marlou*, where she was not long in repose; for she cast her Eyes upon the Mareshal *d' Hocquincourt*, as well for the Advantages she might draw from him by the Posts he held upon the *Somme*, as to free her from the tyranny of the Abbot *Foucquett*, who began to become insupportable to her.

Charles Marshal *d' Hocquincourt* had black sparkling Eyes, a handsome Nose, a little Forehead, a long Visage, and black frized Hair, and his Shape was very fine: He had but little Wit, and yet was cunning by being very distrustful; he was brave and ever in love, and his Valour served him instead of Wit and good Carriage amongst the Ladies. Madam *de Chastillon* knowing him by Reputation, fancied that he was a proper Person to commit the Follies she had occasion for. Monsieur *de Vignacourt*, a Gentleman of *Picardy*, her Neighbour, was the Person she employed to him. Whereupon the Marshal having agreed with *Vignacourt*, that at his going to Command the Army of *Catalonia*, he would see her as he passed thorow *Marlou*, as if Chance had occasioned this Interview. The thing happened

ned as it had been projected, and Madam *de Chaſtillon* took Horſe to go to Conduct the Marſhal two Leagues from *Marlon*. On the way, ſhe related to him the ſad Circumſtances of her Fortune, deſired him to be her Protectour, flattered him with the Title of the Refuge of the Afflicted, and the Reſource of the Miſerable. In ſhort, ſhe ſo inſpired him with Generoſity, that he promiſed to ſerve her with and againſt all, and even gave her his Table-Book, in which he gave order to the Governours of Towns and Places to receive her and hers, as often as ſhe had occaſion. This Interview was diſcovered by the Abbot *Foucquett*, who ſeeing the Marſhal *d'Hocquincourt* upon the point of returning to Court, judging his and Madam *de Chaſtillon*'s Neighbourhood dangerous for his and the Courts Intereſts, perſwaded the Cardinal to remove her to the Frontiers of *Picardy*, and cauſed an Order to be ſent her to go to her Dutchy. As Madam *de Chaſtillon* was on her Journey, ſhe met with the Marſhal *d'Hocquincourt* at *Montarquis*, with whom ſhe renewed the Meaſures ſhe had taken ſix Months before, and after having mutually given one another, he poſitively words to protect her againſt the Court, and ſhe hopes to grant him one day

marks of her Passion. They parted, The Marshal went to find out the King, and she to her Dutchy, where she passed the Winter, during which the Marshal *d' Hocquincourt*, and the Abbot *Foucquets*, who being the most difficult Patron to be satisfied, impatiently supported the Interviews that passed between the Marshal *d' Hocquincourt* and Madam *de Chastillon*, and the Commerce she kept with him. To excuse herself, she told him that the Marshal used his endeavours with the Cardinal that she might have *Bordeaux* again, who was taken from her, and to obtain of him for herself, leave to return to Court: She added, That she could have wished she might not have been indebted for those Favours to any other than himself, but that she was willing to spare his Credit for Affairs of greater moment. What perswaded the Abbot *Foucquet* that the Intrigue between the Marshal did only concern the Court, was that in the Spring she returned through his Intercession, first to *Marlou*, afterwards to *Paris* and *Bordeaux* with her. During the Mareshal's Campaign in *Catalonia*, the King of *England*, whom the misfortunes of his Family obliged to stay in *France*, and who had found the Dutchess much to his mind, saw her at *Marlou* in the

little

little Journeys he made to my Lord *Crofts*'s his Houſe; and this Commerce had inſpired this Prince with ſo much love for her, that he reſolved to marry her: *Crofts* perſwading his Maſter to ſatisfie her at any rate, upon the promiſes that Madam *de Chaſtillon* had given this Lord that he ſhould enjoy her, in caſe he would contribute to the making her Queen: And indeed ſhe had been ſo, if God, who took care of the Fortune and Reputation of that King, had not amuſed Madam *de Chaſtillon* with a fooliſh hope, which made her fail of ſo fair an Occaſion.

Charles King of *England* had great black Eyes, his Eye-brows were thick, and met together, was of a brown Complexion, a handſome Noſe, a long Viſage, his Hair was black and curled; he was tall, and finely ſhaped; he had an auſtere Preſence, and yet loft and civil more in good than in ill Fortune: He was brave, that is to ſay, that he had the Courage of a Souldier, and the Soul of a Prince: He was a great Wit, and loved Pleaſures, but yet he loved his Duty more: In ſhort, he was one of the greateſt Kings in the World: But however, tho Nature had gifted him with admirable Advantages, Adverſity, that had been his Go-

vernour, was the principal Cause of his extraordinary Merit.

The Prince at his leaving of *France*, had shown, as I have already said, very little consideration for Madam *de Chastillon*; but having known the value that the Spaniards set on her, by the Pension they had given her, and the Credit that she had at the Court of *France*, by the means of the Abbot *Fouquett*, was reinflamed for her: And his Passion was so violent, that he wrote to her the most passionate Letters in the World, and amongst others, this was intercepted that he wrote to her in Cyphers.

THo all your Charms should not oblige me to love you, my dear Cosin, the pains that you take for me, and the persecutions you suffer for being in my Interests, and the hazards wherein this exposes you, would oblige me to love you as long as I live; Judge then what all this together can do upon a heart, which is neither insensible nor ungrateful; but judge likewise of the alarms that I am continually in for you. The example of Ricoux *makes me tremble, and when that I consider that what I have most dear in the World is in the hands of my Enemies, I am in disquiets that never give me rest. In the name of God, my poorest Dear, do no longer hazard*

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your self as you do; I should choose rather never to return into France, *than be the cause of your having the least apprehension: It is for me to expose my self, and by a War put my Affairs in such a posture, as that they may treat with me; and then, my dear Cosin, you may aid me with your Intercession; and in the mean time, as events are doubtful in War, I have one sure way to pass my life with you, and yet engage our Interests to one another more than they have hitherto been. Do not believe that the Princess is an invincible obstacle to this; people break through much greater, when they are as much in love as I am. In this part, my dear Cosin, I give no bounds to my Imagination, nor to your Hopes: You may push them as far as you please. Farewel.*

The hopes that Madam *de Chastillon* had upon this Letter of marrying the Prince, made her think of refusing the offers of the King of *England*; hereupon she consulted one of her female Friends in *Bordeaux*'s presence. She, whose Husband was with the Prince, told her Mistress that she was mad once to think of marrying a shaddow of a King, a Wretch who had not wherewith to live, and who in making her to be laughed at, would ruin her in a little time, that if

it was possible, contrary to all appearances in the World, that he should one day recover his Throne, she might very well believe that being weary of her, he would be divorced from her upon the pretext of the inequality of Condition: Her Friend told her on the contrary, that her madness was to marry the Prince who was married, and whose Wife was in health, that persons of the Quality of the King of *England* might be sometimes under ill Fortune, but that they could never be in that extream necessity so common to private Persons: That it was fine for a Lady to live a Queen, tho she should live unhappy; and that she ought never to refuse an honourable Title, tho she was only to bear it upon her Grave. As for you Mademoiselle, turning towards *Bordeaux*, you have reason to talk as you do to her Grace, considering only your own interest; but for my part, who only consider her Graces, I tell her what I ought to say. Madam *de Chastillon* gave them thanks for the kindness they showed her, and told them that she would take time to think of their Reasons before she came to a Resolution. She was not willing to give a more positive Answer before her Friend in an Affair she was ashamed she should choose what

was

was contrary to her advice; In the mean time there came Notice from several parts to the King of *England* of the Life of Madam *Chastillon*, and of her present Conduct with the Abbot *Foucquett*. Never any Man that had the least sense of Honour, did lose his Reason so much as in the beginning of his Passion to marry a Woman without Honour.

The King of *England* went from the Neighbourhood of *Marlou* as soon as He had learnt all these news, and would not hazard, by seeing Madam *de Chastillon*, a Conflict that might be doubtfull between his sences and his Reason. Madam *de Chastillon* was not then sensible of the loss she had: the desires and hopes she had of marrying the Prince rendered all other things indifferent to her.

Madam *de Chastillon* being returned from her Dutchy to *Marlou* in the beginning of the Spring, through the intercession of the Marshall *d'Hocquincourt*, and sometime after to *Paris*, he did not find her ungratefull for this favour. This little service and the promises he gave her of killing the Cardinal and putting his Places into the Princes hands, touched Madam *de Chastillons* Heart to that point, that she granted

granted enjoyment to the Marſchal. The Summer paſſed in this manner during, which the Abbot *Foucquett* who perceived this Commerce, was often under ſtrange diſquiets; and he had done at that time what he did afterwards, if Lovers did not love to deceive themſelves, when they are either to quit or condemn their Miſtreſſes.

The Winter after, the Duke of *Candale* at his return from *Catalonia*, ſeemed to be in love with Madam *de Chaſtillon*; The Abbot *Foucquett* allarum'd at ſo dangerous a Rivall, cauſed *Bolignoux* to deſire him to ceaſe his perſuit. The Duke of *Candale* being at that time really in love with Madam *d' Olonne*, and had only engaged himſelf with Madam *de Chaſtillon* to make her ſerve for a pretext, eaſily granted the Abbot *Foucquett's* Requeſt. But as with this Miſtreſs Lovers were as an *Hydra*, of whom one head was no ſooner cut off, but that an other ſprung up in the room, *la Feuillade* took the place of the Duke of *Candale*; The Abbot *Foucquett* who knew it immediately, ſpoke himſelf pretty ſharply of it to *la Feuillade*, who whether that he fancyed that his Rivall being beloved he ſhould not ſucceed in his Enterprize, or whether that his blooming Paſſion left him all his Pru-

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dence, he did not judge it Convenient to incurr the hatred of so violent a Man; wherefore he did not persevere in that Amour. The Marquess *de Cozures* had not so much Complaisance as *Feuillade* had, he continued to see Madam *de Chastillon* maugre the Abbot *Foucquett*; but as he had neither Fortune nor Merit enough to touch her Heart, she only made a Conquest of him, and only kept him in play to inflame the Abbot *Foucquett*, and oblige him to renew his Presents, and let him know that she had Persons of Quality on her side who would not suffer her to be misused. Wherefore the Abbot was forced to bear with this Rivall but he vented his Choler upon poor *Vineuil*; who was one of the first Lovers of Madam *de Chastillon*, beloved, a Man of good Sense, and whose Wit was to be feared. The Abbot *Foucquett* gave the Cardinal to understand that it was dangerous to leave him at *Paris*; insomuch that the Cardinal seeing only through the Abbots Eyes, sent an order to *Vineuil* to go to *Tours* till further order; and he not being suffered to take his leave of Madam *de Chastillon*, wrote her this Letter on the last of October 1651.

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HOw desirous soever you seem to be that I should make you a Visit, I fancyed that the little pleasure you took in the last, I should do much better to abstain; since that indeed your coldness deprives me of the joy, that I received at other times in seeing you: for the truth is, I am perswaded that I ought not to pretend to any share in your Favour, nor your Confidence; the engagement you are under, does not permit you to consider any thing besides, and that you are necessitated to be wanting in what you owe by essential obligations; I am likewise of Opinion that you would take it more kindly to forget you altogether, than to remember you on this occasion; and that you willingly approve of my abandoning your person and your Interest. And yet Madam, I do not pretend that you should lose me quite, because I am very sure, you will be very glad to find me again one time or other, tho you despise me at present: I will serve my self as much as the knowledg of the present Circumstances you are under will suffer, pre- and the Friendship I have promised you, which makes me that I cannot dissemble that all humankind talk most disadvantageously of your Conduct, and that you are become the perpetual Theme of all the Conversations of the time. They describe your Engagement to be the most pittyful

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and abject that a person of your Quality was ever Concerned in; and your friend is said to exercise over you a tyrannical Empire, and more especially that he causes all to be discarded that come near you, and that he even threatens those whom he is told are his Rivals, as he has done Feuillade; *and I pass over in silence several particulars of his private Visits which are sufficiently known. Do but consider, Madam, of the prejudice that your Reputation receives from this Commerce; and make reflection upon what you are, and upon what he is who has deprived you of your Honour; for the Credit and Consideration he procures you are not very honorable, and they are false lights which reflect upon you, rather to offend you than to give you a lustre. Ah! Madam, if the poor deceased had but the least sence, they would scratch their way out of their Graves, and come and approach you with so shamefull a dependance, but I do not believe that you are concerned for the memory of them, fear the living, who sooner or later will be informed of your Conduct and will doubtless behave themselves accordingly. I do not represent all these things to you out of a motive of Jealousie; for I assure you I am not infected with a Passion so afflicting and so useless as that. If I was transported with love for you I should vent my self in Invectives,*

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which would do you irreparable Injuries, and I should revenge my self of the wrongs you do me with so much Ingratitude. If I had no love for you, I should railly as well as others: but in what concerns you I keep my self in a Mediocrity, which gives me a mute grief for the blindness of your Conduct, which at length will bring you into the worst of troubles, if you have not a care, and let your self be governed by your prudence without expecting events. To morrow I shall go towards Tourraine, *wherefore I take my leave of you, Madam; If you take kindly the advice I give you I shall continue to love you; if ill, I shall endeavour to get rid of a Principle that is the cause of it: In the mean time I doe not demaund any good Offices for my Concerns, but only that you would hinder ill ones from being done me, and you will oblige me in so doing.*

Notwithstanding *Vineuil*'s Banishment, The Abbot *Foucquett* was no more at ease than he was before, Madam *de Chastillon* making him mad every moment; but that which disquieted him most was the Intrigue between her and the Marshall *d'Hocquincourt*. This had rendred her so haughty that she had often treated the Abbot *Foucquett* as if she had not known him.

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During these passages the Marshal *de Hocquincourt* finding himself pressed by Madam *de Chastillon* to perform the promises he had made her, which not being willing to do, he gave notice to the Cardinal of all that he had promised Madam *de Chastillon*, by one of his Gentlemen, who seemed to betray him, and at the same time caused the same notice to be given to the Abbot *Foucquett* by Madam *Calvaisin*, the Governour of *Roy*'s Wife. This piece of Cunning had the effect, that the Marshall had promised himself; the Cardinal was alarum'd, and to break of so dangerous an Intrigue caused the Marshal *d'Hocquincourt* to be treated with. The Abbot *Foucquett* for his part, having had the information from *Calvaisin*, desired the Cardinal that he would cause Madam *de Chastillon* to be took into Custody, and put in such a place where she might not have any Correspondence till that he should think fit to restore her to her liberty. The Cardinal having given his consent, the Abbot *Foucquett* caused Madam *de Chastillon* to be seized on at *Marlou*, and conducted with one of her Women to *Paris*, where he caused her to be brought in by Night, and lodged her at one *de Vaux*'s House in

Poitou-

Poitow-ſtreet. On the morrow after her arrival, the Abbot *Foucquett* took a Note under her hand by order from the Cardinal, and directed to the Marſhal *d' Hocquincourt*, by which ſhe deſired him to come to an accomodation with the King, and not to think any longer of the Prince or of her, becauſe it might endanger his Life; & as ſome days before ſhe was taken ſhe had agreed with the Marſhal, that in caſe they happened to be taken into cuſtody, and that Letters were exacted from them, contrary to the meaſures they had taken together, they ſhould give no Credit to them if they were not written with a double C. Which ſhe did not do in this Letter, but ſhe did in another which ſhe wrote at the ſame time to the Marſhal; by which ſhe let him know that he ſhould remain firm in the firſt reſolution that he had taken of ſerving the Prince, and of delivering up his Places to him; which the Marſhal never intended, and had only promiſed Madam *de Chaſtillon* that he would, that he might obtain favours from her, and to procure advantages from the Cardinal, which he could not have without making himſelf be feared; he ſuppreſſed the Letter of intelligence, and ſent that to the Prince which the Abbot

Foucquet

Fouquets had cauſed Madam *de Chaſtillon* to write to him, by which knowing that ſhe was in danger of her life, he ſent him word to make his peace with the Court, provided he got Madam *de Chaſtillon* releaſed out of Priſon. The Cardinal believing the Marſhal to be really in love with Madam *de Chaſtillon*, and that he would give all that he ſhould demand of him to ſet her at liberty, would have deducted upon her account an hundred thouſand Livers, out of the hundred thouſand Crowns they had agreed of together: But the Marſhal would not conſent to it, and yet that ſhe might not think him a cheat, and to keep ſome meaſures with her ſtill, he would not put his places into the Cardinals hands, till he knew that the Dutcheſs was ſet at liberty, inſomuch that to ſatisfy him in that point, they deceived him, and ſent the Dutcheſs to the fathers Oratory to ſhew herſelf to a Gentleman he had ſent on purpoſe for that end; with whom ſhe was free, after which ſhe returned to her priſon, where ſhe was eight days longer. During the three weeks that ſhe was a Priſoner in *Poiteu-ſtreet*, the Abbot was not ſo free as ſhe, he became daily more and more ſmitten; for as with the liberty of going and coming

he likewise deprived her of that of deceiving him; he found her a thousand times more lovely than before. Besides the Dutchess being willing to recover his esteem that she migh procure being set at liberty, used him after such a manner as was capable of melting the heart of a Barbarian, and had a thousand kindnesses and Complyances for him: and she seemed to put so entire a Confidence in him, that he could not forbear beleiving that she would never depend again on any Body but him.

Things being in this Posture, the Abbot surprized a very kind Letter, that the Dutchess wrote to the Prince of *Condé*. This grieved him so extreamly, that in reproaching her, he would have poisoned himself with Quicksilver from behind a Looking-glass; but beginning to find himself ill, he lost the desire of dying for a faithless one, and took *Theriaque* which he usually carried about him to secure himself from Enemies, which the employ he had about the Cardinal procured him daily. Except going where she pleased, the Dutchess passed her time very pleasantly in the prison; The Abbot treated her with all manner of Delicacies, and made her daily very considerable Presents in Knacks and Jewels

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he went from thence at two a Clock in the night, and came again at eight in the morning, thus was he with her eighteen hours in four and twenty.

It was impossible but that the Cardinal must know where the Dutchess was, and this is pleasant that this great Man, who decided the Fate of *Europe*, should go halves with the Abbot *Foucquett* in an amourous secret: I beleive that the reason he had to approve this Commerce was, that knowing the Dutchess to be Intriguing, he chose rather she should be in the Abbots hands, whom he was sure of, than in an other; and besides the Abbot keeping her in a Chamber, and absolutely dishonoring her thereby, he was glad that the Prince of *Condé* her Cousin and lover, might receive thereby an extraordinary mortification. But at length the Marshal *d'Hocquincourts'* accomodation being made, upon Condition that the Dutchess should be released out of prison, she was to be let at liberty. They sent her to *Marlou*, where some time after the worst accident imaginable happened. The Abbot *Foucquett* and she had agreed together, that every *Saturday* they would mutually return the Letters they had written to one another all the week long, and

that he would send for them by a Man who should say that he belonged to Mademoiselle *Vertus*. This Man being one day at *Marly*, a footman came thither from the Marshal d' *Hocquincourt*, with a Letter for the Dutchess, who having writ her answer, and given them to a Chambermaid to deliver them to the Bearers, this Woman mistook, and gave the Abbot's Man the answer that her Mistriss sent the Marshal, and to the Marshal's Lacquie the Pacquet designed for the Abbot. It is easie to imagine in what allarms the Dutchess was so soon as she knew the Mistake, and particularly when it is known that in the Letter, which she wrote to the Abbot, besides a thousand kind things, there was also a long Chapter against Madam *de Bregi*, whom she hated, because she had naturally the Charms of Body and of mind which the Dutchess had only by Art. It is certain that the Dutchess had ever envied her and was never able to pardon her Merit. In an other place, she railed against my Lord *Mountague*, and almost in every part of it made the most biting railleries imaginable upon the Marshal. And when she thought of the Abbot's Letters which she had sent to him, wherein there

were

were tendernesses and transports of love, which might be good to a Mistress, but which usually appear very ridiculous to the indifferent, and that all this was in the hands of a haughty and a laughed at Rival, she was almost mad: The Abbot for his part was in no less pain. As for the Marshal so soon as he had seen all the Abbot's Letters, and those that the Dutchess wrote to him, he judged that he might be one day obliged to restore them her out of his weakness to her, or through the desires of her Friends, insomuch that he might be in a capacity to take his revenge on her when he pleased: He caused copies to be taken of them all, and then went and showed the originals to the Duke of *Rochefoucault*, to Madam *Pisieux*, whom he knew to be the Dutchesses Enemies. After that the Abbot had been one Night at *Marlou*, he returned to *Paris* to the Mershals House, of whom he demanded his Letters. The Marshal did not content himself with refusing him them, but added all the raillery after his way that he could bethink himself of, while the Marshal was thus drolling he held the Dutchess's Letter open to the Abbot, who had liever have been killed, than have suffered his Mistress to have laine at his Rival's dis-

cretion, as she did by this Letter, caught hold of it, and tore half of it off, which he went to show to the Dutchess, telling her that the Marshal had burnt the other halfe; but the Marshal being enraged at this enterprize of the Abbots, bid him be gone immediately out of his House, and that if some respects did not withhold him, he would cause him to be thrown out of the Window.

The Dutchess being sometime after returned to *Paris*, fancied that to undeceive the Publick of a thousand Particulars, that the Marshal had said of her, it was requisite that she should let People of Merit and Virtue see after what manner he would treat him, In order to which, she made choice of the House of the Marquess *de Soubise*, Great Provost of *France*, to whom and his Wife she had a mind to justifie herself more particularly: The Assignation being made with the Marshal, he perceived her design. *God keep thee, my poor Child*, said he accosting her, *How does my little Buttock do, are they still very lean?* It is impossible to imagine the sad Condition this discourse put the Dutchess in! she was as if she had been stund with a blow upon her head, it made her forget to call the Marshal Fool and Insolent, but

he fancied that having begun as he did, he would proceed to the most shameful particulars imaginable for her, if she displeased him never so little. The Grand Provost and his Wife looked upon one another, and turning towards the Dutchess, found her with her Eyes towards the ground, but indeed she did not change her Colour; but those who knew her did not believe her perplexed. At length the Great Provost breaking silence, *You do ill*, said he, *my Lord Marshal; Gallant men ought never to quarrel with Ladies, they ought to be thankful to them for the Presents they make them of their Hearts, and ought not to offend them when they refuse it.* *I grant that*, said the Marshal, *but when their Hearts are once given, if they change after that, it is requisite they use civilly those they have loved, and when they droll upon them, they expose themselves to great Affronts. You understand me, Madam*, added he, turning towards the Dutchess, *I am sure you believe that I have reason for what I say, but you surprize me with your disorder; you ought to be prepared for such Accidents, since you lay Snares for people who revenge themselves. I vow I would not have believed that you had so much Modesty as you have.* And in ending this Discourse he went away, and left the Dutchess more dead

than alive. The Great Provoſt and his Wife endeavoured to bring her to herſelf; telling her, That what the Marſhal had ſaid, had not made any impreſſion upon their minds; however from that day they had no great Commerce with her.

A fortnight after the Abbot was obliged to go to the Court, which was at *Compeigne*, The Dutcheſs foreſeeing the Prince of *Condés* return into *France* by the general Peace that was much talked of, and not being willing that he ſhould find her in ſo ſhameful an Intrigue for her, reſolved to break off after ſuch a manner, as that there might not remain the leaſt appearance of it. In this deſign ſhe went to the Abbots Houſe, where having found one of his Servants in whom he put moſt confidence, and asked him for the Keyes of his Maſter's Cloſet, ſaying ſhe had a mind to write him a Letter. This Fellow without penetrating further, and only conſidering the Abbots Paſſion for the Dutcheſs, he gave her immediately what ſhe demanded. Seeing herſelf alone, ſhe broak the lock of the Cabinet where ſhe knew that the Abbot kept her Letters, and not only took them all, but likewiſe others from the Prince of *Condé*, which ſhe had ſacrificed to them, and went and burnt them

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at Madam *de Sourches* Houſe. The Abbot having found this diſorder at his return home, went to the Dutcheſſes Houſe, and began to threaten to cut off her Noſe, and then broke a Chriſtal Candleſtick, and a great Looking-glaſs that he had given her, and went away after having called her a thouſand Names. During all this buſtle, one of the Dutcheſſes Chambermaids fancying that the Abbot would take away from her all that he had given her, laid hold upon her Miſtreſſes Cabinet of Jewels, and carried it to Madam *de Sourches* Houſe, from whence ſhe ſent for it again the ſame Evening, and gave it to a devout Relation of her Mothers to keep. The Abbot having notice of it on the Morrow, went to that Devout Womans Houſe, and took it away by force. The Dutcheſs being informed of the loſs ſhe had, was extreamly grieved; but ſhe did not loſe her judgment, ſhe employed people to the Abbot, who had ſo much credit with him, that he reſtored the Cabinet; and by the means of this reſtitution they were as well reconciled as they had ever been; and this reconciliation was ſo ſudden, that Madam *de Bouteville* coming the morrow to comfort the Dutcheſs her Daughter for the accident that had happened

ned to her, the Abbot was already with her, who concealed himself in a Closet during the Visit, and heard all the Comedy.

Some time after, the Dutchess not being willing to take alwaies the pains to conceal that she saw the Abbot again; and fancied that since their quarrel was known abroad, their reconciliation ought likewise to be publick: Wherefore she caused all her friends to desire her to pardon the Abbot upon his sollicitation, and at length having made it a point of Conscience, the Mother Abbess, of the Convent of *Mercy*, a Woman subject to beatifical Visitations, made them see and embrace one another. This Mediation brought the Reverend Mother into some discredit with the Queen and the Cardinal: They fancyed that that she had not so particular a Commerce with God, since she suffered her self to be so easily deceived by Men.

However this reconciliation lasted but six Months; The Prince of *Conde*'s return into *France* coming on daily made the Dutchess apprehend that he would find her under the Abbots Tutorship, and the Ladies *de Saint Chaumond* and *de Feguiers* made her so much ashamed of him, that she broak with him upon a pretext of Devotion. It

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was very difficult for the Abbot to consent to the Dutchess's design, and would not have done it at an other time; but seeing his Credit very much diminished with the Cardinal, and fearing that the Prince of *Condé*, who hated him besides, and *Bouteville*, who would revenge the dishonour he had done to his family, might cause him to be stabbed, if he gave the Dutchess the least new Reason of Complaining, he left off Visiting, but not loving her.

The End of the Second Part

LOVES EMPIRE;

Or, The

GALLANTRIES

Of the

FRENCH COURT.

The Third Part.

LONDON,

Printed for *Dorman Newman*.

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LOVES EMPIRE, &c.

AT that time Madam *d'Olonne* was gone as I have ſaid, to deſire the Counteſs of *Fieſque*, to thank in her name the Abbot *Foucquett* for ſome pretended Obligation which was properly nothing; but ſhe had a mind the Abbot *Foucquett* ſhould make Reflections upon the Compliment, and make him Comprehend that when people have thanks returned them for ſuch ſmall things, they are willing to be indebted to them for the greater Obligations. The ſame day that Madam *d'Olonne* ſaw the Counteſs, ſhe found the Abbot at Madam *de Bonelles*, and there ſhe her-

herſelf made him the ſame Compliment: The Abbot, being very deſirous to have an Intrigue with Madam *d'Olonne*, to endeavour the curing himſelf of the Paſſion he had ſtill for the Dutcheſs of *Caſtillon*, returned her Civilities as obligingly as he was able; and on the Morrow the Counteſs having ſent to ſeek him, and telling him what Madam *d'Olonne* had deſired her to ſay: *I know more than you of that, Madam,* ſaid he to her, *and I received yeſterday Evening marks of acknowledgment from herſelf: But I would willingly know of you one thing,* added he, *Whether the Count* de Guiche *is not in love with Madam* d'Olonne; *for if he is, I will avoid the Occaſion of being ſo: He has had ſo much reſpect for me upon all Occaſions, that I ſhould be ridiculous ſhould I play him ſuch a prank. No,* ſaid the Counteſs, *at leaſt Madam* d'Olonne *and he have each of them told me, that they had not any thoughts of one another. If this is true,* replyed the Abbot, *I beſeech you Madam, to let Mad.* d'Olonne *know that you have ſeen me, & that upon what you have told me in her Name, I appeared to you ſo tranſported with joy, to ſee how ſhe received what I did for her, that you do not doubt but that I ſhall be infinitely in love; and thereupon, Madam,*

dam, ask her, I beseech you, what she would do in case I should be so. The Countess having given her word that she would, the Abbot went away; and on the Morrow Madam *d'Olonne* having received a Letter from the Countess, made her this Answer.

YOu desire to know what course I would take in case the Abbot Foucquett *was in love with me; I am not so mad as to tell you; for I am still as much taken with him as I was two days agoe. Farewell,* la Chastillanne.

The Chevalier *de Grammont*, being come to the Countesses a moment after she had received this Ticket, found her in Bed, and seeing a Paper lying by her, he took it. The Countess having redemanded this Paper, the Chevalier restored her another much of the same bigness. The Company that was then in her Chamber, so took her up, that she did not perceive the Chevaliers roguery, who went away almost as soon as he had done. Seeing what it was, it is not to be questioned, but that his joy was extream, to have in hand wherewith to injure Madam *d'Olonne*, and put the Count *de Guiche* in a rage. He remembred, he had been sacrifi-

ted to *Marsillac*, and the disquiets that his Nephew had given him upon the Countesses account, and was very glad he had now an Occasion to torment him. The noise that this Letter made, had all the effect that he could desire; the Count *de Guiche* was alarm'd, and consulted *Vinevil*; they resolved together, that he should speak himself of it to the Abbot, and in the mean time he wrote this Letter to Madam *d' Olonne*.

YOu make me mad, Madam, but I love you too much to fall out with you, and perhaps this Carriage may move your Heart more than reproaches; however my resentment must fall upon some body, and I see not one that has incurred it more than the Countess; it was certainly she who engaged the Abbot Foucquett *to think of you, to reclaime me to her, or be revenged on me for changing, being in dispair that I had abandoned her; and therefore has raised me up a Rival, who should cause me to be discarded or disgust me from loving you. I cannot think Madam, she will effect either of her designs, and yet I think my self as much obliged to her as if she had brought them to pass, and she is to expect that I will have no longer any regard for her, and that I will use all means imaginable to be revenged.*

Madam *d' Olonne*, not being so secure of

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the Count *de Guiche*, but that she apprehended the Countess might reclaim him, was willing to embroil them to such a point, that in all appearance they could not be reconciled; and for that end she had no sooner received this Letter, then that she sent it to the Countess: Which putting her in a rage against the Count *de Guiche*, she sent for *Vinevil* to come to her. *I desired your company, to tell you that your Friend is an impertinent Fool, and whom I will have nothing more to do with. See the Letter he has newly written to Madam* d'Olonne; *he complains that I perswade the Abbot* Foucquett *to engage in an Intrigue with his Mistress, and does not remember that he told me, that he had no longer any thoughts of her. I ask your pardon for him*, answered *Vinevil, excuse a poor Lover, who seeing they design to deprive him of his Mistress, knows not what he does, nor whom to have recourse to: As soon as I shall have him recollect himself, he will come and cast himself at your Feet.* After some other Discourses, *Vinevil* went away, and within an hour after returned with the Count *de Guiche*, who told the Countess so many things, that she promised to forget his rudeness. On the morrow the Count having resolved to speak to the Abbot, went to him, and having ta-

ken him aſide, *If we had both begun at the ſame time*, ſaid he to him, *to be in love with Madam* d' Olonne, *it would be ridiculous to think it ſtrange that you ſhould diſpute her with me, neither ſhould I do it; and I would leave it to herſelf to decide by Favours the good Fortune of us both. But ſince you come to diſturbe me in an Intrigue, I have been long ingaged in before you, give me leave to tell you, that this is not civil, and I deſire you to leave me at quiet with my Miſtreſs, without giving me other troubles than thoſe which proceed from her rigours. I am a Friend of Madam* d' Olonne's, *and nothing elſe*, anſwered the Abbot, *that you have no reaſon to complain of me; However, if I thought the Diſcourſe you have now held to me, was by the advice of People, who had a mind to bring me into trouble, I declare to you I would become your Rival from this moment. I know why I talk to you after this manner, and you may underſtand me.* The Abbot pretended to ſpeak of *Varde* his mortal Enemy, and the Count's Friend. *No*, anſwered the Count, *I know not what you mean, but what I have to ſay to you is, that being jealous, that Humour has adviſed me to deſire you not to make me any longer ſo.* The Abbot having given him his hand, they parted the beſt Friends imaginable. Some time after

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the Abbot finding Madam *d' Olonne* at a place where he made a Visit, she took him aside, to impart to him some secrets of small moment, and the Abbot not knowing what to say to her, told her his dispute with the Count. *I am very glad*, said she to him, *to see that you, Gentlemen, dispose of me, as if I was your own: Thus I find I am to present the Count* de Guiches, *since you have made him your declaration that you have no pretences to me. Ah! Madam*, answered the Abbot, *I would not give you to any Body, if it was in my power to do it; as I love my self better than any one in the World, I would keep you for my self; but upon the suspicions that the Count* de Guiche *has, that I have a Passion for you, I declare to him that I have no such thoughts, and this betwixt you and me, Madam, because I trust my good Fortune for*——— *No, no*, interrupted Madam *d' Olonne*, *do not continue talking to me contrary to what you think; you know well enough that you are not so unhappy as you say.* The Abbot finding himself so pressed, could not forbear answering, That she knew him better than he did himself; that it being in her power to make King's themselves happy, he should think his Fortune made, if she would assure him of it; and moreover, that the Promises

miſes he had made the Count, ſhould not hinder him from loving her, when he ſhould ſee any likelyhood of being beloved. This Converſation ended with ſo many Favours from Madam *d' Olonne*, that the Abbot forgot that he was ſtill in love with Madam *de Chaſtillon*, inſomuch that he reſolved to engage himſelf without inclination with Madam *d' Olonne*; he fancied that by intereſſing the Body by Pleaſures, he might diſengage the Mind, whoſe Intereſts are ſo interwoven: And indeed, Madam *d' Olonne*, whom time was very dear to, did not let the Abbot languiſh; but as their Correſpondence could not laſt long without the Counts perceiving it, he went to her Houſe to make her his Complaints: Being at her Chamber door, he heard a noiſe, which obliged him to liſten to what it was. He heard Madam *d' Olonne* ſaying a thouſand kind things to ſome Body, which increaſing his Curioſity, he looked through the Key-hole, and ſaw his Miſtreſs making as tender Careſſes to her Husband, as if he had been a Lover. This did not a little diſguſt him; he went home in a pet, where having taken Ink and Paper, he wrote this following Letter to *Vinevil*.

YOu are ignoram that I have discovered a new Lover of Madam d' Olonne's; *but what a new Lover, good God! a Lover kindly used, a Domestick Lover: I am not able to bear with it any longer; I newly caught* d' Olonne *upon his Wife's knees, receiving a thousand Caresses from that faithful One.*

Happy should I my self beside,
If the Beauty I adore
Could at length rest satisfied
With a thousand Gallants; nay more,
I am willing she should have a Friend
If there her Lechery would end.
But she her Husband does likewise love,
'Tis this that does my Anger move.

For in short, my Dear, he is no Husband, he has all the Favours of Gallants; he receives other Caresses besides those which proceed from Duty, and he receives them by day, which is a time peculiar to Lovers.

The Count *de Guiche* being returned on the morrow to Madam *d' Olonne's* House, referred his reproaching her upon her Husbands account till another time, and thought fit to speak then only of the Abbot *Fouquett.*

quett. Madam *d' Olonne* being ever full of Consideration, when she was to lose a Gallant, not so much out of fear of his Vexation, as because she lessened the number, told the Count *de Guiche* that he was Master of her Conduct, that he might prescribe to her what manner of life he pleased; that if the Abbot gave him umbrage, she would not only see him no more, but if he was willing he should be witness after what rate she would rattle him. The Count, who never durst have asked her so great a Sacrifice, accepted the Offers she made him: The Assignation being made to be at my Lord *Croft*'s House the next day; where Madam *d' Olonne* having no other Company than the Count and the Abbot, spoke to the last after this manner, after having concerted all the Evening before. 'I desired you, 'Mr. Abbot, to come hither, to tell you in 'the presence of my Lord the Count *de* 'Guiche, that I do not love you, and that 'I can never love any Body but him; we were 'both very willing that you should know it, 'that you might not plead ignorance: Not 'that you have hitherto carried your self towards me otherwise than as a Friend; but 'as you had no design, you have not perhaps 'taken notice that your Visits were some-

'thing

thing too frequent, and you know that that is not usually very pleasing to so amorous a Man as the Count, what confidence soever he has in his Mistress. For my part I shall spend my whole life in thinking how to please him: I was willing to make you this Declaration, lest that you without thinking, should bring your self into trouble; I shall be overjoyed to have you for my Friend, but the less commerce we have together, the better it will be. 'Yes, Madam, I give you my word, said the Abbot to her, I am very much of the Count *de Guiches* Opinion, I have passed through all the degrees of Jealousie, and this is not the first time that he and I have discoursed upon this point. I know the promises I made him, and I am sure I have not broken them. 'The truth is, interrupted the Count, that I cannot complain of you, but as her Ladyship has said very well, that as you have no design, you did not think you did contrary to what you promised me, and appearances are only against you. 'Well, replyed the Abbot to him, let not this hinder you from being happy, for I give you my word that I will not. Her Ladiship designedly but once a Month, but for incounters I cannot answer for them; but it

'is

'is your part to take securities in that case. After a thousand Civilitiess on all sides, they parted.

It will be perhaps wondred at, that the Abbot suffered Rivals so impatiently in his Intrigues with the Dutchess of *Chastillon*, and was so tractable with Madam *d'Olonne*; but the reason is, that with the former there was love in the case, and with the latter nothing but Debauche; and that the Body can bear with Associates, which the Heart can never do.

Sometime after *d'Olonne* being informed of the ill Conduct of his Wife, resolved to send her into the Country, as well to hinder her from committing new Follies, as to stifle the Reports which her Presence daily renewed: And indeed, so soon as she was departed, there was no more thoughts of her; and a thousand other Copies of Madam *d'Olonne*, which *Paris* is full of, caused that great Original to be forgotten in a short time.

There likewise hapned an Intrigue, which without being of the nature of Madam *d'Olonne*, did however suppress them for a time.

The Count *Vivonne*, first Gentleman of the King's Chamber, and for whom his Majesty had naturally an inclination, being retired to a House he had near *Paris*, to spend

spend the *Easter* Holy days with two of his friends, the Abbot *le Camus* and *Manchini* this last Cardinals Nephew, and the other one of the Kings Almoners; and having passed there three or four days, if not in a great Devotion, at least in very innocent Pleasures, the Count of *Guiche* and *Manicamp*, being weary of *Paris*, went to him. As soon as the Abbot *le Camus* saw them, knowing them to be very dissolute, he perswaded *Manchini* to return to *Paris*, and that the next day, for that the World would say there had passed strange things amongst them: And *Manchini* that very evening declaring this design, *Manicamp* and the Count *de Guiche*, proposed to *Vivonne* to desire *Bussy* to come and pass two or three days without them, telling him that he was very capable to fill the place of the other two: *Vivonne* having given his Consent, wrote a Letter to *Bussy* in all their names, that he was desired to quit for some time the hurry of the World, to come to them, that they might with the less distraction, give themselves up together to the thoughts of Eternity. But before I pass further, it is fit I describe *Vivonne* and *Bussy*.

The first had great blew Eyes even with his Head, whose Balls were often half hid

hid under his Eyelids, and contrary to his intention, made him look languishingly; he had a handsome Nose, a little and full Mouth, a fine Complexion, a fine, great and fair head of Hair; He was indeed something too fat, he had a quick Wit, and a good Fancy; but he studyed too much how to be pleasant; he loved to speak Equivoques, and words with a double sence; and that he might be the more admired, he often made them at home and started them in the Companies where he came, as if they had been fresh thoughts; he was quickly engaged in Friendship with people without any discretion; But whether he found them persons of Merit or no, he as suddenly abandoned them; What made his inclination last longest was flattery, but it was to no purpose for a person to be extraordinary, if he did not admire him, he would have had no great esteem for him. As he fancyed that a signe of a good will was a niceness for all works, he found nothing to his mind of all he saw, and usually he judged of Books without knowledg and reason: In short, he was so blinded with his own merit, that he saw none in any Body else; and to speak like himself, he had both a great deal of sufficiency, and

a great deal of insufficiency; he was Bold in War, and fearfull in Love: And yet if any body would have believed him, he had his will of all the Women he had attempted; but the truth is he had been denied by certain Ladies, who, till then had never refused any Man.

Roger de Rabutin, Count of *Bussy*, Major General of the light Horse, had great sweet Eyes, a handsome Mouth, a something hawkish Nose, an open Face, and a happy Phisiognomy, fair, clear light Hair; His Wit had delicacy and force, Gaity and Mirth; he talked well; he writ exactly and agreably; he was of a soft disposition; But those, whom his Merit had caused to envy him, had netled him, insomuch that he willingly made merry with people he did not love; He was a good and regular Friend; he was brave without ostentation; he loved Pleasures more than Fortune, but he loved Glory more than Pleasures: He was Gallant with all Ladies, and very civill, and the familiarity he had with his best Friends, never made him wanting in the respect he owed them. This kind of behaviour made it thought that he had a passion for them; and it is certain that he had ever some sence of love in all

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the great intrigues he had had, he had been long in the Wars and had done good service, but as in this Age it was not sufficient to be of a good Family, to have Wit, Courage, and have done great Services to procure Honours, with all these Qualities, he was got but half way of his fortune, he had not the baseness to flatter those people, whom *Mazarine*, the Soveraign Dispensour of Favours, put Confidence in, or had not been in a Condition to force them from him, by making him afraid, as most of the Marshals of his time had done.

Now *Bussy*, having this Letter from *Vivonne*, took Hors immediately, and went to his House: he found his friends very much disposed to mirth, and he, not being usually a Disturber of Feasts, ordered it so that their joy was altogether Compleat: and accosting them, *I am very glad my Friends*, said he, *to find you disengaged from the World as you are, a particular Grace from God is necessary to work out our Salvation: In the hurries of Courts, Ambition, Envy, Backbiting, Love, and a thousand other Passions, do usually engage the best People in Crimes, which they are incapable of in such Retreats as this, let us save our selves then together, my friends, for as to be pleasing to God, it is neither ne-*

cessary

ssary to weep nor to dye of Hunger; let us be merry, my Friends, and make good Chear. This sentiment being generally approved of, they prepared themselves for Hunting in the afternoon, and gave order to have Consorts of Instruments for the next day: After having hunted four or five hours, these Gentlemen having got themselves a great stomach, eat as heartily as is imaginable: supper being ended, which had lasted three hours, during which the Company had been in that Mirth which alwaies accompanies a good Conscience, caused Horses to be brought to walk in the Park: where these four Friends finding themselves at liberty, to encourage themselves to have the more contempt for the World, they proposed to rail against all human kind; but a moment after Reflection made *Bussy* say that they ought to except their true Friends from that general proscription; this advice having been approved of by them all, Every one demanded of the rest of the assembly Quarter for what he loved: This being done, and the signal given for the contempt of things here below these good souls begun a Canticle. You may judge that having took this Course, all was comprehended in the Canticle, except those four Gentle-

mens Friends, but as the Number were but ſmall, the Canticle was great and ſharp, inſomuch that ſhould nothing be forgot, it would make a Volume: Part of the Night being ſpent in theſe rural Pleaſures, they reſolved to go to reſt; Wherefore they left one another very much ſatisfied to ſee the progreſs they had begun to make in Devotion. *Vivonne* and *Buſſy* being got up earlier the next morning than the others, went into *Manicamps* Chamber; but not having found him, and thinking he was gone a Walking in the Park, they went into the Count *de Guiches* Chambers, with whom they found him in Bed: *You* ſee My *Friends*, ſaid *Manicamp* to them, *that I endeavour to make good uſe of the things you ſpoke of yeſterday touching the Contempt of the world, I have already Won my ſelf to deſpiſe the half, and I hope in ſhort time, except it be my particular Friends, to have no great inclination for the other, we often Compaſs the ſame and by different methods*, anſwered *Buſſy* to him; *for my part I do not Condemn your manners, Every one is ſaved after his own way; But I ſhall never take that courſe to be happy that you do. I am amazed to hear you talk after this rate*, ſaid *Manicamp*, *and that Madam de* Savigny *has not diſguſted you from loving of Women; But now you talk*

of

of Madam de Sevigny, said *Vivonne*, pray tell us why you broak off with her, for they talk differently; some say that you were jealous of the Count of Lude, and others that you sacrificed her to Madam de Monglas; and no Body has believed what you both have said, that it was a reason of interest. When I shall have made appear replyed *Bussy*, that I have been these six years in love with Madam de Monglas, you will believe that there was nothing of love in the falling out that was last year between Madam de Sevigny and me. Ah! My Dear, interrupted *Vivonne*, how should we be obliged to you, if you would take the pains to relate to us an amorous History; But first of all be pleased to give me an account of this Madam de Sevigny; for I never saw two persons agree in their Opinions of her. What you say in defining of her in a few words, answered *Bussy*, proper opinions of her do not agree because she is unequall; and that one person alone is never long enough in her favour, to observe the change of her humour; but having known her from her Infancy I will give you a faithful relation.

The History of Madam de Sevigny.

Madam *de Savigny*, continued he, has usually the finest Complexion imaginable, little sparkling Eyes, a flat Mouth but of a fine Colour, a lofty Forehead, a Nose only like it self, neither long nor little, broad at the end, and the same at the Middle, and all this which in particular is not handsome, take it altogether is very agreable: she is finely shaped and yet has no good Aire, she has a handsome Leg, her Neck her Armes and Hands are not well formed, her hair is white and thick, she has danced well, and has still a good Ear, she has an agreable Voice, and understands singing pretty well: as to the outside she is such as I have described her, no Woman has more Wit than she, and very few have so much; she has a diverting way with her, some say that for a Woman of Quality her Character is something too Wanton: In the time I saw her, I found this judgement ridiculous, and I know her *Burlesque* under the name of gayety, not seeing her at present, her Charmes do not dazle me; and I grant

grant that she is too pleasant: If a Person has wit, and particularly of that kind of wit which will be free and merry, there needs no more than to see her, there is nothing lost with her: She understands you, comprehends exactly your meaning, she divines you, and usually leads you much farther than you think of going; sometimes you give her a mighty prospect, the heat of pleasantry hurries her away, and under those Circumstances she receives with joy all libertine expressions, provided they be finely wrapt up, & keeps pace with her answers, and thinks it for her honour to surpass all that can be said to her. It is no strange thing that you find not much discretion in a Person of so much fire; those two things being usually incompatible, and Nature cannot work Miracles in favour of her: A brisk Fool takes more with her than a well-bred serious Man; the gaiety of People repossesses her, that she shall be judge whether you understand what she says; the greatest mark of wit that can be given her, is to admire her. She loves Incense, she loves being beloved, and in order to that she loves that she may reap, she gives praise that she may receive it; she generally loves all men, of what Age, of what Birth, of what Merit, and what Profession soever they are, from the Royal Robe to the Frock, from the Scepter to

the Inkhorn; amongst Men she loves a Lover better than a Friend, and amongst Lovers the merry more than the sad; the Melancholy flatter her Vanity, and the Brisk her Inclination; she diverts herself with these, and flatters herself with an opinion that her Merit must be great, since she is able to make those others languish.

She is of a cold temper, at least if we might believe her deceased Husband, and it was to it that he was obliged for her Vertue as he said; all her heat is in her will. The truth is, it makes full recompence for the coldness of her temper; I believe that Conjugal Faith has not that violence if we consider the intention; it is another thing to speak freely; I believe her Husband clear before Men, but I take him for a Cuckold before God. This fair One being willing to share in all divertisements, has found a sure means, as she thinks, to take her Pleasures without injuring her Reputation in the least: She has contracted Friendship with four or five pretended *Lucretia's*, with whom she goes into all places imaginable; she does not so much consider what she does, as with whom she is: By thus doing, she perswades herself that the civil Company rectifies all her actions, and for my part, I fancy that the critical Minute, which is usually found with all women when

only

only a Man and a Woman is together, would sooneſt be met with her in the midſt of her Family. Sometimes ſhe openly refuſes a match of publick walking to eſtabliſh herſelf in regard of the World in an Opinion of great regularity, and ſometime after thinking herſelf ſafe by ſo publick a refuſal, ſhe will make four or five matches of private walks; ſhe has naturally a love for Pleaſures; two things oblige her ſometimes to deprive herſelf of them, Policy and Inequality; and it was for one of thoſe two reaſons that ſhe goes ſometimes to a Sermon, the nex day after an Aſſembly. With ſome ſuch publick Actions ſhe thinks to prepoſſeſs all the World, and imagines that in doing a little good, and a little ill; all that can be ſaid is, that one producing the other, ſhe is a Civil Woman. The Flatterers, which her little Court is full of, entertain her after another rate, they never fail to tell her, that it is impoſſible to reconcile Wiſdom with the World, and Pleaſure with Vertue, better than ſhe does. To have Wit, and be of Quality, ſhe ſuffers herſelf to be too much dazled with the grandeurs of Court, the day the Queen has ſpoken to her, & perhaps only asked whom ſhe came with, ſhe will be ſo tranſported with joy, and a long time after ſhe will find means to acquaint all thoſe, whoſe reſpect ſhe has a mind to pro-

cure, how obliginly the Queen spoke to her. The King having one Evening caused her to dance, and being returned to her place, which was near me; *It must be confessed*, said she to me, *that the King has great Qualities, I believe, he will obscure the Glories of all his Predecessors.* I could not forbear laughing in her face, and answering her, *There is no doubt to be made of it, Madam, after what he had now done for you.* She was then so satisfied with his Majesty, that I saw her upon the point of declaring her acknowledgment by saying, God bless the King.

There are people who only let holy things put bounds to to their friendship, and who would do all for their Friends except offending God. These people call themselves Friends to the very Altars: the friendship of Madam *de Sevigny* has others Limits, that fair one is only a friend as far as the purse; There was never any pretty Woman but she in the World, that dishonored her self by ingratitude; she must needs be much afraid of necessity, since to avoid only the shadow of it, she is not apprehensive of shame. Those who would excuse her say that she has too much regard to the Counsell of people, who know what hunger is, and who still remember their poverty: Whether this humour proceeds

from

from others or from her self, nothing is so natural as what appears in her Oeconomy.

The greatest application that Madam *de Sevigny* has is to seem what she is not; since she has studied that Course, she has already learnt to deceive those who had no great acquaintance with her: but as there are people who have interessed themselves in her more than others, they have unfortunately for her perceived and discovered, that all is not Gold that glisters.

Madam *de Sevigny* is unequal to the very Balls of her Eyes and to her Eye-lids; her Eyes are of different Colours, and the Eyes being the mirours of the Soul, these irregularities are as a mark that nature gives to those who come near her not to rely much upon her kindness.

I know not if it is that her Armes are not very handsome, that she is not very tender of them, or that she does not think it a favour, the thing being so general; but in short who will may take and kiss them, I fancy that it is sufficient to perswade her that there is no ill in it, that she belives they take no pleasure in it. Nothing but Custome can now constrain her, but she will not stick to show it rather than Men well knowing, that having made modes when they pleased Civility is no longer included in such narrow Bounds.

This is, my Dear, the Picture of Madam *de Sevigny*: her eſtate which would have been a great help to mine and had belonged to our family, obliged my Father to deſign I ſhould marry her; But tho I was ſo well acquainted with her then, as I am at preſent, I did not anſwer my Fathers deſign, certain looſe Courſes I ſaw her take made me apprehenſive; And I found her the prettyeſt Creature imaginable to be the Wife of another. This ſentiment helped me mightily from marrying her; But as ſhe was married a ſhort time after me, I fell in love with her, and the ſtrongeſt reaſon that obliged me to make her my Miſtreſs, was that which had hindred me from deſiring to be her Huſband.

As I was her near Relation, I had a very great acceſs to her Houſe, and I ſaw the vexations her husband daily gave her, ſhe complained thereof very often to me, and deſired me to make him aſhamed of a thouſand ridiculous inclinations he had: I ſerved her in this very happily for ſome time; but at length her Husbands nature being too ſtrong for my Counſels, after ſome deliberation it came into my head to be in love with her, more through the Conveniency of the Conjuncture, than through the force of my inclination. Inſomuch that *Sevigny* having one day told me that he had paſſed the

Night

Night before the most agreable imaginably, not only as to himself, but the Lady with whom he had spent it. *You may believe*, added he, *that it was not with your Cosin; it was with* Ninon. *So much the worse for you*, said to him; *my Cosin is a thousand times a finer Woman than she, and I am sure if she was not your Wife, you would make her your Mistress. All this may be*, answered he: *I had no sooner left him then that I went to give him an account of all to Madam* de Sevigny. *This is a fine thing to brag of*, said she to me blushing for vexation. *Do not you seem to know any thing of it*, answered I, *for you see the Consequence? I think you are a fool*, replyed she, *to give me that advice, or that you take me for one. You would certainly be so, Madam*, replyed I, *if you do not pay him in his own Coin, or if you should tell him again what I have told you: Take revenge, my fair Cosin, I will go halves with you in your Vengeance; for in short, your Interests are as dear to me as my own. Hold, good my Lord*, said she to me, *I am not so vexed as you imagine: Having met with* Sevigny *the next day at the Court, he came to me into my Coach; as soon as he was in, I fancy*, said he to me, *that you told your Cosin what I yesterday acquainted you with of* Ninon, *because she has hinted something of it to me: I*, replyed I, *I have not spoke to her; but as she has a great deal of Wit, she has said to me so many*

things upon the point of jealousie, that she sometimes hits on the truth. Sevigny being satisfied with so good a reason, fell to discourse of his good fortune with the Ladies, and after having told me of a thousand advantages that there was in being in love, he concluded with telling me, that he was resolved to be so as long as he lived; and likewise that he was so at that time with Ninon, as deeply as it was possible for a man to be; that he was going to spend the Night at Saint Glouds with her, and with Vassé, who gave them a Feast, and which they laughed at together. I repeated to him what I had told him a thousand times, that the his Wife was discreet, he might at length, by the continuation of his actions, so provoke her, that some welbred Man coming to fall in love with in the time he played her such pranks, she might perhaps seek for in the sweets of Love and in Vengeance, what she would not have thought of in love alone; and thereupon being parted, I went home, and wrote this Letter to his Wife.

I Had reason yesterday, Madam, to distrust your imprudence, you told your Husband what I said to you; you may easily perceive that it is not for my own interests that I make you this reproach; for all that can happen to me is to lose his Friendship; and you have Madam, much more to fear. I have however been so happy, as to undeceive him; moreover, Madam, he is so per-

perswaded that one cannot be an honest welbred man without being in love, that I despair of ever seeing you satisfied, if you do not learn to be beloved by others than himself; but let not this alarm you, Madam, as I have begun to serve you, I will never abandon you in the Condition you are in. You know that jealousie has some times more virtue to reclaim a heart than Charms and Merit; I advise you to make your Husband jealous, my fair Cosin, and to that end I offer my self: I have so much love for you, as to act over my former part of your Agent to him, and to sacrifice my self likewise, to render you happy; and if he must needs escape you, love me, my Cosin, and I will help you to take your revenge on him by loving you as long as I live.

The Page I gave this Letter to, carrying it to Madam de Sevigny, found her asleep, and as he waited till she was awake, Sevigney arrived from the Country: He having known from the Page, whom I had not given instructions therein, not foreseeing that the Husband was to return so suddenly; having known, I say, that he had a Letter to deliver from me to his Wife, asked him for it, without suspecting any thing, and having read it at the same time, he bid him be gone, and that there was no Answer to be made to it. You may judge how I received him, I was upon the point of killing him, seeing the danger he had expressed

posed my Cosin to, and I slept not an hour the Night. Sevigny for his part was no more at ease than I; and on the Morrow after the great reproaches he made his Wife, he forbid her to see me, she sent me word of it, and that with a little patience all this would be shortly reconciled.

Six Months after Sevigny was killed in a Duel by the Chevalier d' Albert, his Wife seemed inconsolable for his death; the reasons she had to hate him being known by all the World, they fancied that her grief was only feigned. For my part, who had more familiarity with her than others, I did not waste so long as they to speak to her of agreeable things; and presently after I made love to her, but without Ceremonies, and as if I had never done nothing else. She made me one of her Oracle answers, which Women make usually in the beginning, that my Passion was so much at rest, that it made me appear but little favourable, and perhaps it might be so, I know not. Tho Madam de Sevigny had no intention to love, it is impossible to have more Complaisance for her than I had in that Encounter. However, as I was her near Relation on the most honourable side, she made me a thousand proffers to be her Friend, and for my part, finding in her a sort of Wit which diverted me, I was not sorry to be so. I saw her almost every day, I wrote to her, I made love to her after a raillying way, I fell out with my nearest Relations, to serve with my Credit and Estate those per-

ans she recommended to me. In short, if she had
asion for all I have in the World, I should have
ught my self extreamly obliged to her if she
ld have given me an occasion of assisting her.
my Friendship was pretty like love, Madam
Sevigny was very well satisfied as long as I
not love elsewhere: but Chance, as I shall tell
in the Sequel, having made me fall in love
h Madam de Preey, my Cosin, she did not
w me so much affection as she had done, when
thought that I loved nothing but her. From
me to time we had little quarrels, which indeed
re made up, but which left in my heart, and I
lieve in hers, such seeds of Division for the first
asion we should both have, and which were
en capable to imbitter indifferent things. In
rt, an occasion being offered, wherein I had
ed of Madam de Sevigny, and wherein with-
her assistance I was in danger of losing my
rtune, this ungrateful Woman abandoned me,
d did me in Friendship the greatest infidelity
the World. This, my Dear, made me fall
with her, and far from sacrificing her to Ma-
m de Monglas, as was reported. This Lady
hom I had long been in love with, hindred me
m having all the resentment which such an in-
y attitude deserved. *Bussy* having done speak-
ng, *Vivonne* told him all that was said of the
Count *de Lude*, and of Madam *de Sevigny*;
Was he ever much in her favour? Before I an-

swer

swer to that, replyed *Bully*, it is necessary I give you an account of this Count *de Lude*.

He has a little ugly Face, a great head of Hair, a fine Shape; he was not born to be fat; but the fear of being incommode and disagreable, makes him take such extraordinary care to be lean, that at length he has effected his design; his fine Shape has indeed cost him something of his health, he has spoiled his stomack in the Summer by the Dyets he has taken, and the Vinegar he has made use of. He is active on Horseback, he dances and fences well, which is brave; he fought very well with *Vardes*, and they do him injury, when they suspect his Valour, the ground of this slander is, that all the Sparks of his Circumstances, having ingaged themselves in the War, he would needs make one Campaign as a Voluntier; but the reason of this was, that he is idle, and loves his pleasures; In a word, he has Courage and no Ambition, he has a soft Wit, he is pleasing with Women, he has ever been well used by them, but does not love them long; the reasons that he is so happy in their favours are, besides the reputation he has of being secret, his good Meen, and his being well provided for love Engagements; but that which makes him so successful every where is, that he cries when he will, and nothing perswades Women

en so much that we are in love as tears. However whether some mischance has happ'd to him in his intrigues, or that these who Envy say that it is his fault they have no Children, he does not much dishonour the Women he has to do with. Madam *de Sevigny* is one of those for whom he has had a love; but his passion ending then when that fair one begun to make returnes to it; Thus Cross accidents have saved her, their passions could never meet. And as he has never visited her since, tho without applications, it has occasioned the report that he has had to do with her. And tho it is not true, there is great likehood it was so. He has however been the weakside of Madam *de Sevigny*, and the Man for whom she has had the most inclination, notwithstanding the jeasts she had made of it: this puts me in mind of a Song she made wherein she excuses Madam *de Sourdis* who was with child to speak after this manner.

That you have both, I heard it said,
Wherewith a Man to Charme and lure;
Again a Man that is well bred
And for our Drudgery fit and sure;
Not like Him whom I do know,
Who never yet the Feat did do,
Nor cause the pain I undergo.

No

No Body in the World is more gay, has more Wit, nor a more agreeable Wit than she; *Menage* being fallen in love with her, and his Extraction, his Age and his Figure obliging him to Conceal his passion as much as he could, he happened to be one day at her House just as she was going out about some business. Her Woman not being ready to attend her, she bid *Menage* come into the Coach with her, and that she was not afraid people should talke ill of it, *Menage* jealted in appearance, but indeed was angry, made her answer that he found it very severe to see that she was not satisfied with rigours she had so long treated him with, but that she likewise despited him to the point of beleiving that nothing could be said of her and him. *Come* in said she to him, *Come into my Coach; If you are angry I will make you a Visit at your own house.* As *Bussy* finished these last words, word was brought this Gentleman that the meat was upon the Table. They went to dinner, which having done with the usual merriment they went into the Park, where they were no sooner come, that they desired *Bussy* to relate to them the story of Madam *de Monglas* and his Amours, which having granted them, he begun after this manner.

The

The History of Madam *de Monglas* and of *Bussy*.

Five years before Madam *de Sevigny's* and my falling out, being at *Paris* in the beginning of Winter, and much a friend to *Feuillade* and *Darcy*, it came into all our heads to be in love, and because that we were not willing that our affairs should part us from one another, we cast our Eyes upon all the pretty Women, to see if we could find three who were as much friends as we were, or who might come to be so: We sought a long time without meeting with what we wanted. The Ladies of *Monglas*, *Precy* and *L' Isle* were very much friends and very lovely; but as perhaps we should have been troubled to have agreed upon the free Choice, and that the Merit of those Ladies was not so equall, that our inclinations should Carry us to love them equally, we agreed to make three tickets of their three names, and to put them into a purse, and to keep to her that fate should give us in drawing them. Madam *de Monglas* fell to *Feuillade's* share Madam *de L' Isle* to *Darcy* and Madam *de Precy* to me: Fortune in this occasion shewed how blind she is; for she

did a favour to *Feuillade* which he knew not so well the value of as I did; but I was forced to be contented with what she had given me: And as I had seen Madam *de Monglas* but five or six times, I fancyed that the applications I was going to make to Madam *de Precy* would efface out of my mind the beginning of a Passion.

We thereupon made our Addresses to our Mistresses, *la Feuillade* having for a Fortnight or three Weeks, made love to Madam *de Monglas* by assiduities, resolved at length to make her a Declaration. At first he found her a Woman, who without being too severe, seemed to him so natural an Enemy of Engagements, that he almost despaired of effecting his designs with her, or at least of effecting them suddenly: Yet he was not quite discouraged, and sometime after he found her more uncertain, and in short he pressed her so much, and seemed to her so much in love, that she gave him leave to hope being beloved one day: But before I speak further, it is convenient that I describe to you Madam *de Monglas* and *Feuillade*.

Madam *de Monglas* has little black sparkling Eys, an agreable Mouth, a Nose something turned up, fine white Teeth, a too lively Complexion, fine and delicate Features, and a pleasing turn of Countenance

her

her Hair is black, long and thick; she is extream neat, and the Air that comes from her is purer then that she breathes; she has the finest Neck imaginable, her Arms and Hands delicately shaped, she is neither great nor little, but of so easie a shape, that it will be ever agreable, if she can save it from the inconveniency of too much fat. Madam *de Monglas* has a quick and penetrating Wit, like her Complexion, even to excess; she speaks and writes with a surprizing Facility, and the most naturally imaginable; her thoughts are often diverted elsewhere in Conversation, and you cannot say to her things of so great Consequence, as to take up all her attention; she desires you sometimes to tell her something she had then a mind to know; and as you begin your Relation, she forgets her Curiosity, and the fire, she is full of, makes her interrupt you to speak of something else.

Madam *de Monglas* loves Musick and Verses, she makes very pretty ones her self, she sings the best of any Woman in *France*, of her Quality; no Body dances better than she, she fears Solitude, she is a true Friend, even to take the part of those she loves with indiscretion, and to the very giving them all her Estate, if they have occasion for it: She keeps their Secrets, religiously; she knows

very well how to converse with the World; She is as Civil as a Woman of Quality ought to be: And tho she is not willing to displease any Body, her Civility has more of Pride than Flattery; for which reason she does not gain hearts so soon as several others that are more insinuating: But when they know her stedfastness, they apply themselves much more earnestly to her.

La Feuillade is not altogether for a Man what Madam *de Monglas* is for a Woman; their Merits are different; he has however some false Charms, with which the weak are at first dazled, but which never deceives such People as make Reflections; he has blew lively Eyes, a great Mouth, a short Nose, frizzled Hair, and something reddish; his Shape is pretty good, his Knees turn inwards, he has too much vivacity, he speaks much, and will alway be pleasant, but he does not always do what he has a mind to, that is to say, with civil Persons, fancy to the populace and meaneſt Wits, with whom there needs no more than to have always the Mouth open to laugh or to speak; he is admirable; he has a light wit, and a hard heart, even to ingratitude; he is envious, and it is to him an affront to be in prosperity; he is vain and haughty, and at his first coming to Court, he had so often told us that he was brave, that he made

a Conscience of suspecting it; however at present we make a Conscience of believing it.

I have told you that Madam *de Monglas* being perswaded that he had a violent Passion for her, gave him hopes of being beloved. Any other than *Feuillade* would have made of this business the most agreable Intrigue imaginable; but he was lodged as I have told you, and only loved by Starts; he did enough to heat his Mistress, and too little to engage her. When I told that fair One that he loved her extreamly, because that *Feuillade* had desired me before her, to speak for him in his absence, she drolled upon me, and made me observe some parts of his procedure, which destroyed the good Offices I would have done him. I did not fail to excuse him, & not being able to save his Conduct, I justified at least his intentions. We were much upon these terms, *Darcy* and I with the Ladies of *Precy* and *L'Isle*, that is to say, they were willing that we should love them, but indeed we did our Devoir better with them, than *Feuillade* did with Madam *de Monglas*; in short, three Months being spent, during which that fair One found herself more engaged by the things I had said to her in favour of *Feuillade*, than by the love he had shown her: this Lover was forced to go serve in the Army with a Regiment of Foot he had.

had. This Farewel made her sensible that she had something more kindness in her heart for *le Feuillade* then she had hitherto believed: She let him perceive something of it; but tho it was enough to render a well-bred Man happy, it could not shock the severest Vertue. *Feuillade* at parting made her a thousand Protestations of loving her as long as he lived, tho she should even continue ever obstinately resolved not to make any returns to his Passion; and he and I prelled her so much to give him leave to write to her, that she gave her consent.

Sometime before his departure, perceiving that the Commerce I had had for my friend with his Mistress, had the more touched my heart for her, in making me the better acquainted with her, and that the efforts I had made to love Madam *de Percy*, had not cured me of my budding Passion for Madam *de Montglas*, I resolved not to see her so often, that I might not be divided between Honour and Self-love. As long as *Feuillade* was at *Paris*, his Mistress did not take notice that I did not visit her so often as I used to do; but, when he was gone, she perceived a Change in my way of living, and thus put her in pain, thinking that my retreat was a sign of *Feuillade*'s being become indifferent, and of whom likewise she had not had any tidings since his de-

departure. Some days after having sent to desire me to come to her; *What have I done to you, my Lord,* said she to me, *that I see you no more; has our Friendship any share in your absence?* *No, Madam,* said I to her, *it only respects my self.* *How,* said she, *have I given you any occasion to Complain?* *No, Madam,* replyed I, *I can only complain of Fortune.* The disorder with which I said this, obliged her to press me to tell her more. *How!* added she, *do you conceal your Affairs from me, whom I let see all I have in my heart? if it be so I should complain of you.* *Ah! how pressing are you,* answered I to her, *is it discretion to force a Secret from one's Friend? ought not you to believe that I should not tell you mine; since I do not tell it you in the Circumstances I am in with you, ought not you to divine it, Madam, since* ——— *Abide not proceed,* interrupted she, *I am afraid to understand you, I am afraid of having reason to be angry, and of losing the esteem I have for you.* *No, no, Madam,* said I to her, *be not afraid, I am under those Circumstances you are not willing I should be, and for I shall not be wanting in my Devoir; but since we are come so far, I will tell you all the rest: As soon as I saw you, Madam, I found you very amiable, and every time I saw you afterwards, I thought you more beautiful than the time before; however, I was not yet sensible of any thing so pressing as to ob-*

lige me to follow you up and down, but I was very much pleased when I met with you. The first thing which made me perceive that I was in love with you, Madam, was the trouble your absence gave me; and as I was upon the point of abandoning my self to my Passion, and of thinking of the means of making it known to you, Darcy, Feuillade, *and I drew lots, whom we should each of us make our address to, of you, Madam* de Precy, *and Madam* de L'Isle, *the what my heart was sensible of for you, Madam, was yet very weak, I should not have left to chance a thing of that Consequence, if I had not been thitherto very lucky; but in short, my Fortune changed in that occasion, for you fell to* Feuillade's *share, and I should have gained more by having lost all my life time, than in that unhappy moment; all my Comfort was, as I have said, that the application that I was going to make to Madam* de Precy, *whom I had formerly loved, would root out of my heart what was budding there, but all to no purpose, Madam; you may judge that the Commerce that the interest of my Friend obliged me to have with you, giving me the opportunity of knowing you more particularly, and of observing in you admirable principles for Love, I could not get rid of a Passion which your Beauty alone had produced, when* Feuillade *desired me to serve him; I felt something beyond the joy we have usually in serving our Friends, and I quickly perceived*

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afterwards, that without designing to betray him, I was overjoyed with being concerned in his Affairs; to have only the pleasure of seeing you more nearly, but at length it put me into terrible pains; this, Madam, has obliged me to see you less frequently, and tho you did not take notice of it, but since Feuillade's departure, it is above a fortnight since I retrenched my Visits. Not but that you must have observed, Madam, that I have served my Friend as I would have served my self, I have sometimes justified him when he was apparently Culpable, and I might if I had had a mind, have ruined him with you without seeming unfaithful, knowing it to be done by the resentment of a thousand Faults which you pretended he committed against the Love he shewed you. But I confess that my Duty makes me suffer extreamly in seeing you, and were I out of your sight, it would spare me a great many efforts I make upon my self besides, Madam, I would never have told you the reasons of my retreat, if you had not asked me them. Nothing can be more civil, my Lord, Madam de Monglas replyed to me, than what you now do; but you ought to compleat your Duty, and send your Friend an account of all things; that he may not be surprized when he shall learn perhaps by other means, that you hardly ever see me, and that he may not to no purpose rely on your good offices to me. And thereupon Madam de Monglas having caused Ink and Paper to be brought, I wrote this Letter.

Since,

Since, considering the course I take, the Passion I have for your Mistress neither offends my honour nor the friendship I owe you, I may well without shame acquaint you with it; and on the contrary, I should dishonour my self by concealing it from you. Know then that I have not been able to see Madam de Monglas *any longer without loving her; and that sending for me to day to know the reason of a Recreat, I told her she had Charmed me, but that I might not do any thing that was contrary to my duty, I would see her no more; I thought my self obliged to give you notice hereof; that you might take other measures as to her, and that you might see by the misfortune that has hapned to me of becoming your Rival, that I am not unworthy of your friendship, nor your esteem.*

Having read this Letter to Mad. *de Monglas, Well, Madam,* said I to her, *is this fair dealing: Ah, my Lord,* replyed she, *nothing can be more handsome; but tho I believe you have the best Soul in the world, it would be very difficult for you, having a hand in your Rivals Intrigues, finding a thousand reasons to do one another ill Offices, and thinking to take advantages of our fallings out, that you should resist, considering the passion you have for me, the temptation of breeding quarrels between us: And as you are a witty man, you would not find it difficult so to order your business, as that one of us might seem to be faulty, and to lay upon one of us, or upon Fortune,*

tune, the mischance you only were the cause of: Tho' your Friend should leave off loving me through his own Inconstancy, after what I know of you, I should ever believe, if you concern your self in our Intrigue, that it was by your Artifices. So that you have great reason, my Lord, not to see me any more, and tho I should lose infinitely thereby, I cannot forbear commending that Action. After some other Discourses upon this Subject, I went away to dispatch the Letter I had written to *Fouillade*, and ten days after I received this Answer.

YOu have done your Devoir my Dear, and I am going to do mine; I have more confidence in you than you your self; wherefore I desire you to continue your Visits to Madam de Monglas, *and to serve me with her: When persons are so nice upon interest, as you seem to me, they are certainly incapable of treachery; but tho the Merit of Mad.* de Monglas *shall have so blinded you, that you should be no longer able to retire, I should willingly excuse you, upon the necessities there are of loving her when we know her perfectly.*

With this Letter there was the following one inclosed for Madam *de Monglas.*

I Am not at all surprized, Madam, to learn that you have charmed my Friend, my wonder would be the greater if a well-bred Man, who daily sees and converses with you, should defend his heart against so much Merit. He sends me word that he

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will see you no more, for fear he should yield to the inclination he has for you; and for my part I desire him not to retire upon the assurance I have that he has more force than he imagins, and tho he should not be able to resist any longer, you would not give your heart to a Traytor, having refused it to the most faithful Lover in the world.

As soon as I had received these two Letters I went to carry them to Madam *de Monglas*, but not to injure my friends whose Mistress was very Nice, I efforced all the end of the Letter he wrote to me, from that part where he tells me, that tho the Merit of Madam *de Monglas* should have so blinded me that I should not be in a Condition to retire, upon the necessity there was of loving her: When she was well acquainted with, I was afraid she would think, as well as I, that that part was very gallant, but not very passionate. *You are in the right* answered the Count *de Guiche*, *and not only that part but both the Letters seem to me well written, but* show the person indifferent. *The sequel*, replyed *Bussy*, *will not undeceive you.*

You must know then, continued he, that Madam *de Monglas* seeing this scratching, asked me what it was: I told her, that *Coville* spoke to me of an affair of Consequence which Concerned me. *Since he is desirous*, said she to me, *that you continue your*

Visits to me, I give you my Consent; but my Lord it is upon Condition you never speak to me of the sentiments you have for me. I will not, since you are so pleased, replied I; *Not but that I ought to speak of it, without being suspected by you; for tho I love you more than I do my life, if to acknowledge my love you should despise that of my friend, in ceasing to esteem you, I should likewise cease loving you; The reason why I love you, Madam, is I assure you, not for that you are beautifull, but because you are also no Cocquet. I beleive you, my Lord,* said she to me, *but since you neither desire nor pretend nothing, love me no longer; for what is a love without desires and hopes? I pretended to Nothing,* said I to her, *but I hope and I desire: And what can you desire, replied she? I desire,* replied I, *that* la Feuillade *should leave off loving you; and that it should be indifferent to you. And in case that should be,* said she, *should you think to be the more happy? I know not if I should be so, Madam* said I to her, *but at least I should be nearer happiness than I am.* And thereupon I made this Song.

Since only loving you I find
Does so much pain procure,
Me thinks you should be something kind,
And moan what I endure,
My Rivall does all to me disclose,
And me his Confident has chose.

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What gave me some Comfort in the Prospect of all the pains that an Amour without hopes is attended with, is that I was upon the Point of having the charge of Major General of the Horse, and that this Charge obliging me to go suddainly to the Army, honour would Cure me of an unfortunate passion. Some days before my departure, I was willing to do divert the trouble I had through the violence I used upon my self to Conceal my passion, and for that end I gave Madam *de Savigny* a very fine and extraordinary treat which you will certeinly be well pleased to have the description of.

First, figure to your self in the Garden of the Temple which you know, a Wood, wherein two Allyes cross in the place they meet, there was a great Oval of Trees, on whose Branches a hundred Christal Candlesticks were tyed; on one side of this Oval was a magnificent Theater raised, whose Decoration well deserved to be so lighted as it was, and the lustre of a thousand Wax Candles, which the leaves of the Trees hindred from spreading, rendred so bright a light in that part, that the Sun could not have given more, and for the same reason all about was so obscure that your Eys were of no use: The Calmest Night imaginable; as soon as the Play was begun it was found very

pleasant:

pleasant: After this Divertisement, four and twenty Violins having played a Consort, played likewise Brawls, Courants, and Country Dances; the Company was not so great as it was well chosen; some danced, others looked upon the Dancers, and other, whose Intrigues were more forward, walked with their Mistresses in the Allyes, where they sported without seeing one another. This lasted till day, and as if Heaven had acted in Concert with me, the morning began to appear when the light went out; This Feat succeeded so well, that Letters were sent to all places of the Particulars of it, and it is still talked of with admiration; some fancied that Madam *de Sevigny* was in that Occasion only the Pretext of Madam *de Prey*, but the truth was, I gave that Treat to Madam *de Monglas*, without daring to tell her so; and I believe that she suspected, without letting me know her thoughts. In the mean time I toyed with her before people, I was ever saying to her a thousand kind things in a drolling way; and I made this Song to a *Sarabrand* Tune, which you have certainly heard Sung.

All those who see you, do you adore,
But tho your Eyes do all things charme,
It is requir'd you should deplore,
And of your Coyness your self disarm.
Designs upon your heart I laid
To lose my own, I thought was fit;
But fair Belizia, I'me afraid
Your heart is harder much than mine.

You may judge, that having these Sentiments for Madam *de Monglas*, my Addresses to Madam *de Prey*, were not very extraordinary: I lived with her with the greatest ease imaginable, and my little eagerness suted extreamly well with her lukewarmness. However, when she begun to suspect that I was

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in love with Madam *de Monglas*, her Passion for me begun to be inflamed: I thereupon admired the Caprichio's of Ladies; they are vexed to lose a Lover, tho they are not willing to love them; but notwithstanding all this, what Madam *de Precy* did was not so surprizing, as the Actions of Madam *d' Le Isle*; I had made love to the first, and it was not strange that she took some interest therein; but for Madam *d' Olonne*, whom I had never shown any thing but a Friendship to, I cannot sufficiently wonder at the course she took, which was thus: So soon as she suspected my Passion for Madam *de Monglas*, she used all manner of Artifices to be perfectly informed of it; she told me sometimes after a drolling way, that I was in love with her; sometimes she spoke well of her; and because I feared she would thereby discover the secret of my heart, I was sufficiently reserved in my Commendations; at other times she would speak ill of her, and for my part, being willing to acquaint Madam *de Monglas*, that she was not to rely upon the Friendship of Madam *de L' Isle*, having found her in a thousand other Occasions betraying Madam *de Monglas*, I let her talk, and gave her a very favourable Audience, to make her believe I took pleasure in it: At length, not being able one Evening to suffer the Rage she was in against her, I gave Madam *de Monglas* notice of it, which occasioned their falling out; and in the Sequel, this fair One had all the reasons imaginable to believe I had a real Passion for her.

The End.